HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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JOHN HARPER.

JOHN HARPER, the senior member of the firm of HARPER & BROTHERS since the death of his elder brother, JAMES, on the evening of April 22 reached the end of his long, honorable, and useful life. It is more than sixty years since he came to this city, a lad of about fourteen, from the quiet home at Newtown, Long Island, where his boyhood had been passed, to seek employment in the printing establishment where his brother JAMES was working as an apprentice, and with him laid the foundation of the business in which the four brothers were so long associated. Diverse as they were in personal character and temperament, the lifelong association of these brothers was so close and cordial that it is impossible to think of one apart from the others. From the time the two elder brothers, in 1817, formed a partnership under the name of J. & J. HARPER—afterward, when the two younger brothers were admitted, changed to that of HARPER & BROTHERS—no discord ever found its way between them, and death alone has severed the strong ties that bound them together. It was once asked, when all were living, "Which is the Mr. HARPER, and who are the brothers?" and it was truly said in reply, "Either is Mr. HARPER, and all the rest are the brothers." This thorough unity was the secret of their success.

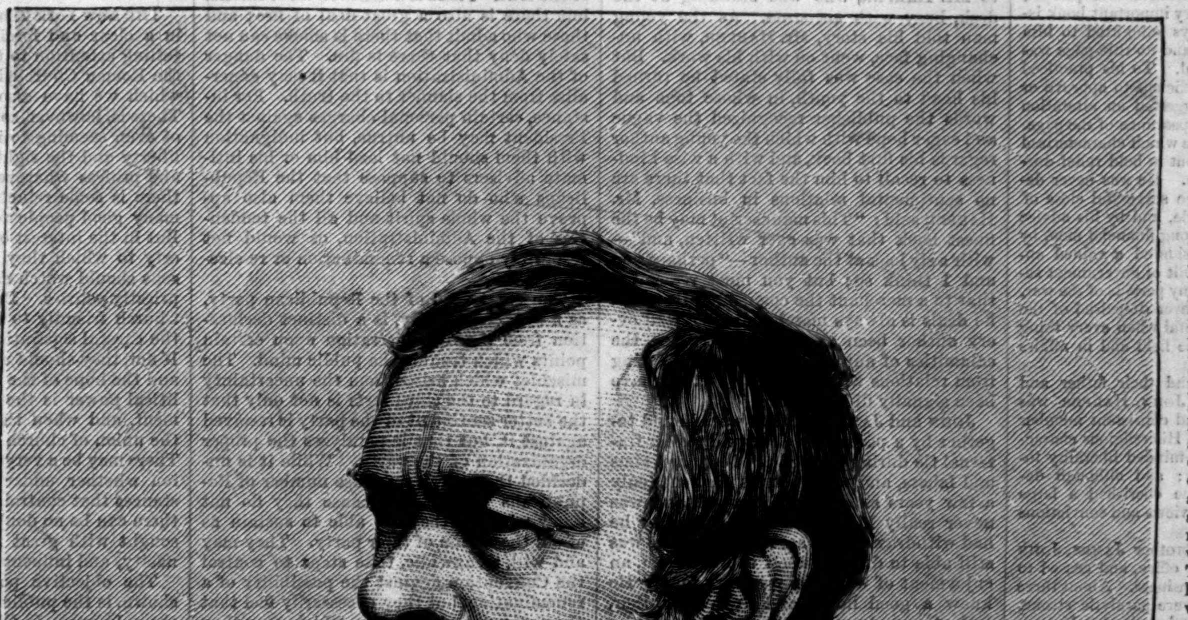
JOHN HARPER, whose death leaves but one of the four brothers living, was born at Newtown, Long Island, on the 22d of January, 1797. The father, JOSEPH HARPER, was a farmer in easy circumstances, of English descent, and a man of strong character and sterling sense. The mother was of Dutch ancestry, and spoke both the Dutch and the English languages. She was an earnest and devout Christian, and a consistent member of the Methodist communion. Happily for her household, and especially for her children, she possessed a cheerful and buoyant temperament. Her religious experience never assumed a severe or ascetic form. Love was the rule of her life in the family, in society, and in the church. From the home in which her influence was paramount in moulding the character of her children, JOHN, as already mentioned, followed his elder brother to New York, to seek, or rather to make, his fortune, and entered the same printing-office, not as a regularly indentured apprentice, but under an engagement to remain until he was twenty years old. Both brothers soon became accomplished workmen. JAMES, a tall young man of unusual physical strength, was held to be the quickest and best pressman in town at a time when steam had not yet been applied to machinery, while JOHN acquired the reputation of being an excellent compositor and accurate proof-reader.

As soon as JAMES was out of his time as apprentice he prepared to set up in business for himself. JOHN'S engagement expired about the same time, and in 1817 the two brothers entered into partnership, and opened a small printing establishment in Dover Street. The book-trade was then in its infancy in this country, and though receiving some pecuniary aid from their father, their business was at first quite limited and of gradual growth. But they were masters of their art, and by great energy and industry, performing most of the composition and press-work themselves, the firm prospered and their business increased, so that in a very few years, finding their quarters in Dover Street too limited, they removed to a larger building on Fulton Street, near Broadway. Mr. EVERT DUYCKINCK was the first publisher for whom J. & J. HARPER printed a book. On the 5th of August, 1817, they delivered to him 2000 copies of a translation of *Seneca's Morals*. Four months later the same publisher received from them 2500 copies of JOHN MAIR'S *Introduction to Latin Syntax*. Both works were printed in admirable style; and the enterprise of the young firm in producing these two works in so short a space of time was then regarded as remarkable. Five hundred copies of LOCKE'S *Essay upon the Human Understanding*, completed in April, 1818, bore the first imprint of J. & J. HARPER. They felt their way cautiously. When contemplating the publication of a work, especially if a reprint, it was their practice to send to the leading houses in the trade to ascertain the number of copies each would take; and in this manner, intent only upon doing good work, improving every opportunity with prompt sagacity, their business constantly developed and increased, and the firm of J. & J. HARPER was soon recognized as one of the leading publishing houses in the country.

In 1833 (having removed to Cliff Street in the year 1825) the firm took the name of HARPER & BROTHERS, JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER having become a partner in 1823, and FLETCHER HARPER, the youngest of the four brothers, at the time the new name was assumed. They were all practical printers, thoroughly acquainted with every branch of their business. Each had his special department in conducting the operations of the house, and to JOHN HARPER fell that of financial manager, including the purchase of stock, material, and machinery. He was a man of firm, decided character, quick to make up his mind, strict in his requirements, but always just and kind, and with the courteous manner of a true gentleman. He was always master of himself, never in a hurry, never flurried. As a remarkable instance of this trait of his character, it may be mentioned that when the HARPER establishment was burning down, in December, 1853, and Franklin Square was filled with an excited crowd, the Colonel (as he was familiarly called), who, with his brothers, stood watching the progress of the flames, quietly looked at his watch, and remarking that it was dinner-time, said they had better meet for consultation that evening at his house. There was no stolidity in this, no affected unconcern; it simply expressed the courage and self-possession which always characterized the man. The consultation was held that evening. The brothers were no longer young men. Notwithstanding their immense loss, they still had an ample competence, and the occasion was a tempting one to seek relief from the weight of business cares. The brothers sat silent for a while, absorbed in thought. JOHN HARPER was the first to speak, and he spoke for all. "Our business," he said, "is too valuable to be given up, or to be allowed to pass into other hands. We have all of us sons. They have helped us, and will soon be able to take our places. We will carry on the business, and show the boys that we are not 'old fogies' yet."

There was immediate acquiescence on the part of the others, and that very evening, while the ruins of the old buildings were still smouldering, JOHN HARPER began to plan the new establishment. Warned by past experience, he determined that the buildings should first of all be fireproof, and decided upon the employment of brick and iron throughout in their construction. The plans were entirely his own, and he designed the interior first, according to the multifarious requirements of the business, leaving the exterior to accommodate itself to the internal arrangements. The number and height of the stories, the distribution of the various rooms for the different departments of the business, were all carefully calculated and designed by him, and the work was then given into the hands of competent builders, to be carried out in exact accordance with his plans.

Until the death of his brother JAMES, JOHN HARPER never failed to be at his accustomed place in the office before nine o'clock every morning. But attentive as he was to business,



THE LATE JOHN HARPER.

he never allowed it to engross his thoughts beyond business-hours. He never took it home with him, but on leaving the office, which he usually did at three in the afternoon, dismissed it from his mind. His tastes were simple, his mode of life entirely free from ostentation, and his chief recreation, until increasing years compelled him to give it up, was driving out in a light wagon with a lively team of horses. His stoutly built form and massive head were for many years well known to those who used to drive up Harlem Lane. He was an expert horseman, and held the reins with so firm and yet apparently so gentle a hand, and his spirited horses held themselves so smoothly and evenly to their course, that few would realize that he drove one of the fastest teams on the road until they noticed that team after team kept dropping behind. This fondness for fast driving led to several accidents, fortunately none of them serious ones. When the infirmities attendant upon increasing years compelled him to give up the reins to a coachman, carriage exercise became less attractive to him, and he was wont to protest that it was stupid—"there was no fun in it."

It was a singular trait in JOHN HARPER'S character that after the new buildings had been constructed, from his own plans, he never cared to enter any part of them except the counting-room, where his desk stood, and the engine and press rooms, which he visited almost daily, having a natural fondness for machinery. He never entered the editors' rooms, and left the general business of the establishment, outside of the finances, to the conduct of his brothers and the younger partners, his sons and nephews. In one respect only he departed from this rule. His taste in typography was intuitive and perfect, and a specimen page of every important book issued by the firm was always submitted to him for judgment and revision, and no title-page was passed without his approval. To his practiced eye a single glance was sufficient to approve or condemn, and he never suggested an alteration that did not improve the appearance of the page.

The firmness and courage which characterized the man in business came out in bold relief during the war of the rebellion. He was never despondent, never doubted the successful close of the long and dreary struggle, and by his advice and example did much among financial men, by whom he was rightly considered a valued authority, to maintain the credit of government securities. In the most gloomy periods of the war, when many wavered, he never despaired of the republic, and was still hopeful when every thing seemed hopeless both in the field and in affairs of state.

Like all his brothers, and their father and grandfather before them, JOHN HARPER was from early life a devout and consistent member of the Methodist Church. His religious character was marked by a high-minded liberality toward other denominations; and although decided in his own views, he cherished a large Christian tolerance for the views and convictions of others.

After the death of his brother JAMES, JOHN HARPER rarely visited the office, and ceased to take an active part in the business. About three years ago he suffered a severe paralytic stroke, from which he never entirely rallied. He was again prostrated, a few months since, by a recurrence of the same disease; but his strong constitution resisted the progress of the malady in a surprising manner, and he lingered, gradually sinking, until the evening of April 22, when he passed peacefully away, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. A man of perfect integrity and uprightness in every relation, as just and kindly hearted as he was firm and conscientious in the performance of duty, he leaves to a large circle of sorrowing friends the memory and the example of a truly good and honorable life.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

With this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with sketches of the interior of the great Salt-Mine near Berchtesgaden, Bavaria, the portraits of MESSRS. MOODY *and* SANKEY, *and containing another installment of* "THE HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOHN HARPER.

AFTER a long illness JOHN HARPER, the senior member of the firm of HARPER & BROTHERS, died on Thursday, April 22, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He follows his brothers JAMES and JOSEPH, after a life of constant activity and industry devoted to the founding and maintaining of the business of which he was a thorough master, and he dies in the fullness of years and amidst all the tenderness of fond family affection, leaving a spotless name and the happy memory of a devoted and faithful life.

It is more than half a century since JAMES and JOHN HARPER, united as printers under the firm name of J. & J. HARPER, which is so familiar upon the early volumes of the Family Library, began the business of printing, and subsequently of publishing, in which their younger brothers, JOSEPH WESLEY and FLETCHER, afterward became partners. They were all practical printers, and as the business increased, JOHN became the financial manager—a position for which he was especially adapted by his singularly sound judgment, sagacity, and self-reliance. Firm, quick, and silent, he readily comprehended any situation with which he was summoned to deal, and was not easily deceived or confused. Early and always at his post, modest and retiring in manner, he retained to the last the simple traditions and the efficient business habits of his youth, believing that the constant care and energy and shrewdness which are indispensable in founding a great and prosperous business are equally necessary in carrying it forward.

For many years, and until he was past seventy, those who came often to the publishing house in Cliff Street, or, later, in Franklin Square, were sure to find Mr. HARPER, never hurried or flurried, but tranquil and busy, and with a certain dry humor, in which a deep and sincere feeling often masked itself. The manly self-reliance of which he was himself so striking an illustration made him naturally hostile to every kind of pretense, and he instinctively sought with every one the simplest and sincerest relations. It gave him the truest appreciation of the feelings of others, and led him to recognize them in the most characteristic way. A young man once brought to the office the manuscript of a book, which he offered for examination, and addressed himself to Mr. HARPER, who was standing at the desk, busy with accounts. As the young man told his story, Mr. HARPER, with unchanging face, went on with his work. But when the case was fully stated he turned his head to the youth, in whose tone and words the publisher recognized the vague and eager hope with which the young author regards his first book, and with a wise kindness to recall to him the fact that there are no sentimental relations in business, Mr. HARPER said: "This manuscript may be the finest book that was ever written, and"—with a sly look at the author—"perhaps you and I think so; but you must remember that to a merchant the commodity in which he deals is always merchandise." Had every author been as wisely instructed, the calamities of authors, so far as they spring from relations with publishers, would have been signally diminished.

JOHN and JAMES HARPER were bound together by a peculiarly close and tender fraternal tie during a long life of common aims and labors, and when JAMES died suddenly a few years since, JOHN drooped, and was never really himself again. But after he had withdrawn from active business he was still able to drive himself in his wagon, an enjoyment of which he was very fond. He knew a good horse, and drove no other, and at seventy was as sure and intrepid a whip as any man. For the past year, however, he has been closely confined to his house and room. The strong man was the victim of a disease which made his body helpless, but his heart and mind were undaunted. His manly spirit was never touched nor broken; and now that the happy release has come, his kindred and friends may well rejoice to remember the sturdy and stainless manhood of JOHN HARPER.

THE PROSPECT.

Now that Congress is not in session, and the spring elections are over, and no immediate political excitement engages the public attention, there is a great deal of quiet but constant reflection upon the political situation, and various speculations upon the probable issues and divisions of the future. There is under all and over all, however, the one strong persuasion in the minds of those who sustained and justified the war, that the return to power of those who took up arms against the government, or who sympathized with those who did, would be a very grave calamity for the country. As we said last week, this springs from no feeling of revenge or hostility; it is simply the dictate of common-sense and experience. Those who were trained in the Southern political school, and who maintained their views in the field, although they may have acquiesced in the result of the war, can not be supposed seriously and radically to have changed their views, while a great deal of hostile feeling must still remain. Beyond this there is the negro question, which can be managed most successfully by the friends of the colored race and of the amendments which have made them citizens. In fine, upon the general principle that great causes should be committed to the care of friends and not of enemies, there is a very general and profound feeling that the government of the renewed Union should not be confided to the Democratic party.

We repeat what we have often before said, and what is very generally acknowledged, that the political events of the year do not show a positive preference for that party, although it has seemed to be generally successful. The elections have been protests. As they occurred in the middle of a Presidential term, and not involving any national results, many of those who see most clearly and deprecate most strongly the danger of a Democratic restoration have not hesitated, by acquiescing in the temporary and local successes of that party, to declare their dissatisfaction with many acts and tendencies of the Administration. But this fact should not deceive the Administration. It would be a fatal error to suppose that having protested, the protestants will return if they find their protest to be of no avail. In the truest and most significant sense of the phrase, it is a protest which means business. It would be a melancholy delusion in the Administration to suppose that it is only the dissatisfaction which must always exist in all parties. It is very much more. It can not be removed by silence and persistence, and therefore the responsibility which falls upon the recognized official representatives and chiefs of the party is very great.

It is another serious peril upon the part of the Administration to regard the discontent which is expressed as due to the opposition, whether of Democrats or of sore-heads, and to disdain to be influenced by such representations. There is, indeed, so much wanton slander and malignant hostility that indignation with them is very natural, but the false should not confuse the perception of the true. There is a dense cloud of smoke, but there is also a great deal of fire; and those who admit that there is smoke can not safely deny that there is fire. The danger of the Administration is that it may generalize from the slander to the truth. For instance, certain personal charges against the President may be untrue, but indignation with them should not lead him or his intimate advisers to suppose that the Republicans who do not believe them also approve the whole spirit and all the tendencies of the Administration, or would not resolutely oppose a renomination or re-election.

The great need of the Republican party, as a matter of policy, is a distinct declaration from the Administration upon certain points which trouble the public mind. The mischief which arises from the uncertainty in regard to the third term is not only that the better sentiment of the party is resolved against it, but that it paralyzes the proper organization of the party. While it is undecided there is an immense number of Republicans who wait, because they do not know whether they are able to sustain as of old the action of their party. They may and will, meanwhile, take steps to control the Convention against the possibility of a renomination, but they necessarily feel that they may not succeed; in which case they would expect to act as Republicans, indeed, but in possible opposition to the regular action of the party. Indeed, if it should appear that the Convention is already mastered, and the policy which the best sentiment of the party condemns is sure to prevail, it is very possible that some organization may be made to secure a third candidacy, which, although it could not be successful, would yet leave a nucleus for subsequent union and action. This would, of course, be preferable to the total party ruin and dispersion which would follow a silent acquiescence in a third-term nomination. The responsibility for the disastrous consequences of Republican division, should that division occur, must rest with those who make continued union incompatible with patriotism. For the one thing that is unquestionable is that the Republican party can not survive an effort to reverse the most sacred political traditions by proposing a third term.

THE LADIES' CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

THE Woman's, or, as it is called, the Ladies' Centennial Commission, held a meeting in Boston recently, at which Mrs. E. D. GILLESPIE, of Philadelphia, a great-granddaughter of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and the chairman of the Commission, stated its general purpose. It is to increase the value of women's labor by a department for women's work only in the great Centennial Exhibition of the Fourth of July, 1776. The plan is interesting, and will doubtless be carefully carried out, with local co-operation in the different States; but so far as we can see, and we speak with conscious ignorance, it would be better, in a museum or panorama of the progress of industrial arts, to have the results of the skill of each one, whether male or female, collected and exhibited together. In that way the superiority of women in many departments would apparently be made more evident. The perpetual division of sex in things where it is really impertinent seems to be unfortunate, for nothing is gained by insisting constantly upon such contrast and comparison. For instance, in designs of every kind, as for carpets and paper-hangings, it is certainly better that all should be exhibited together than separately.

Mrs. GILLESPIE appealed very properly to general support and sympathy for the exhibition because of its national character, as General HAWLEY did at the Concord dinner. Mr. JOHN WELSH, the president of the Centennial Board of Finance, states that $8,000,000 are needed, and that about $4,500,000 have been raised. The Commission will need $10,000 daily for the next year, and stockholders are in no manner responsible for the debts that may be incurred. The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS warmly commended the character of the Philadelphia gentlemen who have general charge of the Exhibition, and Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS said that he thought the way in which the undertaking has been begun is upon the whole very judicious; while Dr. GEORGE B. LORING said that he had no doubt the stock allotted to Massachusetts would be taken. The Ladies' Commission numbers about a thousand members from Maine to Montana and Louisiana, and in Philadelphia alone has collected $90,000; and, as we understand, the members for each State are expected to decorate and arrange the rooms that they may occupy. The energy of Philadelphia in the matter ought to inspire the whole country.

PRIESTLY POLITICS.

THE New York *Times* is doing a plain duty in a clear and forcible way in constantly calling attention to the political designs of the Roman Church in this country, a task which we have also endeavored to fulfill. There is, however, so general and just a fear of even seeming to interfere with religious liberty and the right of every man to hold and profess whatever faith he prefers that there is some reluctance upon the part of many good people to favor the discussion. But in the interest of the very religious liberty to which they are devoted, such persons should watch carefully the conduct of priestly politics. Do they think the Roman Church friendly to religious freedom or to the careful separation of church and state? If not, they should understand that the aim and the hope of the Roman Church as a political power is the control of the government, and when that should be achieved, the union of church and state would follow. There may be a very great difference of opinion whether under any probable circumstances that control could be obtained; but there can be no doubt that it is sought, and sought with great ingenuity, subtlety, tenacity, and influence.

The objective point, as we have often shown, is the public schools, but that is not the only one. In Ohio, as has been formerly stated in these columns, an attempt was made to repeal the prohibition of sectarian grants to schools, and both in Ohio and in New York an effort is making to introduce the Roman worship into jails and hospitals. This is done, as usual, under plea of that religious liberty which the Pope curses, and which the Roman party would at once destroy could it get the chance. The bill presented in the New York Legislature by Mr. M'GOWAN provides that every prisoner or inmate of a public institution of confinement shall have the ministrations of the clergymen of such churches as they may elect, and that in institutions for children they shall be deemed to belong to the Church to which their parents are attached, and all religious exercises except by such clergymen are forbidden. The last provision, of course, abolishes all the chaplaincies in public institutions.

As the vast mass of the inmates of penal institutions, except in rural districts, belong to the Roman Church, the chief religious instruction would thus be under the care and according to the rule of that Church. The difficulty is, however, unavoidable. If there be any religious service or assistance of any kind whatever in public institutions, it should be determined by the choice of the convict or inmate, as there is no state church. But it is not a matter of majorities. The fact that the greater number of convicts in a State-prison are Roman Catholics would be a very inadequate reason for compelling a Methodist or Baptist or Hebrew to attend the Roman mass. And the rule is, of course, as imperative and reasonable the other way. It is true that the class of people who fill the prisons is not usually very careful of its religious instruction; and very few of them, unless they have been brought up in the Roman Church, have any knowledge of the difference of sects or any choice among them. Except for the peculiar tactics of the Roman Church there would have been no question and no difficulty, for the inmates would have been content with the ministrations of a clergyman of any denomination. But when the question is raised, the point is to insist upon the equal right of choice for all, and to take

care that the whole religious control does not fall into the hands of the Roman clergy.

The fact of the resolute political purpose of the Roman Church is one of the most evident and significant facts of the time, and can not be too carefully considered by every American. The one thing never to be forgotten is that the purpose does not depend upon popular whims and fancies—that it is not the purpose of a party which may to-morrow differ and disband, or which is at the mercy of private ambitions and cabals. It is the design of one of the most ancient and permanent and politically unscrupulous of organizations, and is unaccompanied with any personal or temporary or occasional aims whatever. The attack upon the American public-school system is a wholly foreign movement. It begins in Rome, and is the result of principles and a policy which are utterly hostile to American ideas and development. Its object is the absolute control of the schools as a means of removing one of the chief obstacles to the supremacy of Rome in America. Rome never submits to a divided authority in church or state, and the contest in Germany is the necessary result of the presence and perception of a great statesman. He comprehends the character and design and methods of Rome, and understands that it is of necessity a power to be resisted to the end. In this country, with other traditions and a free popular government, the character of the contest must be different, but it will be as absolute and determined. The Roman policy is distinct and consistent and thorough, and will be pressed with unflagging vigor. It must be encountered in the same way, and with firm reliance upon those American principles which Rome would subvert. But above all, ecclesiastical Rome must not be permitted to cloak political Rome, nor must it be forgotten that Rome urges in America the plea of religious equality and freedom only to gain a position from which it can overthrow them both.

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL.

The imposing spectacle of the first great Centennial anniversary of the Revolution, the day of Concord and Lexington, is the beginning of a long and proud series of holidays which will continue for seven years. They open in Massachusetts, and they will close in Virginia. Every event of the long struggle was but a logical consequence of the 19th of April, and Yorktown was the natural result of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill. The next great day is that of Bunker Hill, within less than two months—the day of Prescott, Putnam, and of "him, ah! him"—Joseph Warren. It falls in the loveliest season of the year, and it commemorates the most familiar and famous of the Revolutionary battles, and will be observed with an enthusiasm which all that of the late great day will not abate. General Devens, now upon the Massachusetts bench, an accomplished and magnetic orator, will deliver the address, standing where Daniel Webster stood fifty years ago. Lafayette was then here, and sat by the orator. Revolutionary veterans were grouped around him, and as the orator apostrophized them, the air rang with grateful acclamations. The speaker of to-day will be inspired with the glorious remembrance, and the emotion of the hour will have a fitting utterance.

Nor can there be any doubt of the happy moral and patriotic effect of these Centennial holidays. They will teach the whole country its heroic early history, and make it familiar with the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution; and they will show that quality of character and the nature of those institutions which have made republican government possible. The celebration of the 19th of April was a pleasant illustration of the habit and power of popular self-control in New England. The throng of people in the two villages of Concord and Lexington was immense and unprecedented, and there could be very little management except that which the people themselves chose to provide. The police were few, and could make only a show of authority against such overwhelming odds. But the vast crowd in both villages, although there were necessarily confusion and disorder, was not riotous nor headstrong, and while there were more than a hundred thousand holiday strangers in the two towns, there was no serious accident or mishap. Every man was used to taking care of himself. He was a son of independence. During a sudden tumult in the tent at Concord the president of the day, Judge Hoar, said that the sovereign people of America are gentlemen, and when they assemble upon such an occasion, they will keep order and preserve silence. And they justified his words. The quality to which he appealed, and of whose existence he was conscious, is just that which has made the country. It is, in the best sense, conservative, as Mr. Dana showed in his masterly discourse at Lexington when he was speaking of the colonists. When this power of self-control is lost, popular government becomes impracticable, and until it exists such a government is impossible. The dependence upon the army, which is so familiar a fact in France, is the powerful argument against a French republic.

There is another aspect of the Centennial anniversaries which is interesting and valuable. They will present to the popular mind, in speech and essay, the actual superiority in general condition of the American citizen. When all exception is made and criticism is exhausted, there remains the fact that every man has a fairer chance in America than elsewhere. In many special points we are surpassed in other lands, but upon the whole the well-being is greater here. The poor man does not instinctively turn to Europe, but to America. Again, and just at this time, the Centennial holidays, by kindling the most generous patriotism, tend to reunite the country. It was a very striking spectacle at Lexington, that of the Governor of South Carolina responding cordially, and with sincere, not formal, cordiality, to the hearty greeting of Massachusetts. He was not, indeed, a South Carolinian by birth, but he was a fair representative of the new South Carolina, which will be again as closely bound with Massachusetts as the two colonies were a hundred years ago. And on the 17th of June the Georgian who may answer as warm a welcome will not propose to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, but to call his State upon the roll of freedom.

A revival of a just and noble national pride will be a renewal of the national character, and that is what we have the right to expect of the Centennial days. It will inspire every American with an interest in the great Centennial Fourth of July which nothing else could produce; and when at the Concord dinner General Hawley, the president of the Centennial Commission, appealed to the audience in behalf of the due celebration of the victories of peace which are not less renowned than those of war, there was a hearty and universal response. The greatest and happiest result of the Centennial years will be the promotion of a new era of national good feeling, founded not upon disastrous compromise, but upon sound, original, and eternal American principles, which are now sure to be freshly considered and approved by the American people.

THE LAST RUMOR.

Among the late significant political reports of national interest and importance is the statement, in two or three papers which are supposed to represent the real opinion of the Administration, that the President has never thought of a third term, and would have said so had he been authoritatively asked. This kind of statement, however, has precisely an opposite effect to that which is intended. Instead of being a denial, it is a blind to divert attention. If it be true that the President has not and never had such a thought, why is not the truth announced in a conclusive and not in a doubtful and suspicious manner? And what is an authoritative asking? A nomination is plainly a question of that kind, but to wait for that is to wait until the mischief is done. Why is not the question of a sincere and patriotic Republican, or of a commanding part of the Republican press, or the hostile assumption of the opposition, as imposing a demand to explain as could be made upon any man?

It may be true that the President had never thought of it, that it was originally a jest, and that it was urged seriously at first only by "Liberal" and Democratic newspapers. But what then? Has the statement of the Presidential inclination for a third term helped or harmed the party? Was it not very generally credited last autumn, and did it not have a very positive and malign influence upon the elections? And if so, what is the force of saying that it began as a joke, and was only fostered by the opposition? Suppose that some paper had jocosely said that the Administration was bent upon foreign war, and that the opposition had seriously echoed the tale, and that certain circumstances persuaded the country that it was very probably the truth, and in consequence that the party of the Administration was confused and divided and failed to carry elections, and suppose that all the while nothing was further from the purpose of the Administration than foreign war, could its silence be justified upon the ground that it was a mere device of the enemy, and that nobody with authority had asked its views?

The head of the Administration, were he in command of an army in the field, would probably order a battery of Quaker guns to be removed if he saw that, harmless as they were, they affected the *morale* of his troops. And a statesman deals in the same way with falsehoods that he personally despises, when he finds that they are doing mischief. If falsehood, however injurious or fatal, is to have immunity in politics because it is falsehood, our political contests will become more difficult and more despicable. It is undoubtedly true that a man in conspicuous public place must constantly hear and see falsehood and slander about himself of which he can not take notice. But he fails in the perception indispensable to his position if he does not know what falsehood must be corrected, and at what time and in what way. A thousand may be suffered to pass, but one, seemingly the most contemptible of all, must be exposed. The enemy, it is true, may invent as fast as he denies, and replace one proved lie with a score of fresh falsehoods. But he can not always invent wisely. Of a hundred blows, one only may strike the joint of the armor. The others fall powerless and without effect.

Besides, silence may be pushed so far that not only may it encourage the worst lying, but at last persuade the public that every charge is probably false, so that the offenses of knaves will pass unbelieved. The President may have smiled when he saw that he was charged with an intention of violating the cherished traditions of the government, but when he saw that the charge bewildered and perplexed his political friends, it seems to us that he should have said distinctly that they need have no fear, and that he should not accept a third nomination even if it were offered. That he did not is certainly no proof that he had such an intention, but the omission makes it impossible to convince large numbers of good men that he did not have it, and leaves him, should he subsequently deny it, in the position of having been forced by public pressure to denounce a design which he had secretly entertained.

The last statements upon the subject are, as we said, significant from their sources, for they appear in papers which have favored the third term. The statements themselves are, of course, only adroit guessing. No intention has been formally communicated, but upon a comparison of all the circumstances the writers have reached their conclusions. The President is a man who grows more and more silent under what he regards as a hostile pressure to speak, and therefore silence in his case is really less significant than it would be with other men. He has undoubtedly a soldier's horror of the interviewer, and the dislike of public garrulity which is natural to a shy and reserved man. But as he is the Chief Magistrate, and the head of a great party, the welfare of which is largely dependent upon his conduct, it would be very agreeable to know that the last reports are true, and that he has not and never had an intention of accepting a nomination for a third term: because in the absence of such an intimation, and under the existing circumstances, we must all act as if the charge was well founded.

PERSONAL.

Judge George W. Clinton, of Buffalo, the only surviving child of De Witt Clinton, has been Judge of the Superior Court of that city and its Chief Justice since the time of its organization, some twenty-five years ago. He is also the author of *Clinton's Digest of the Laws of New York*, a standard legal work. Judge Clinton is a man of scholarly tastes and ways, and was in early days a frequent contributor to the press of Buffalo. Always an ardent fisherman, he wrote for the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, when under the editorial management of the late Dr. Foote, a number of charming articles on the fish of the lakes and Western rivers, that are remembered by all the old anglers of that region. Judge Clinton married a daughter of the late John C. Spencer.

—It is quite a mistake to suppose that prominent lawyers of the North are the only ones who receive notably large fees. It is mentioned in the Atlanta (Georgia) *Herald* that General Toombs seldom crosses a court-house door for less than $5000; to which Judge Lochrane replied that he wouldn't take any case for a smaller fee than $10,000. Subsequent talk developed the fact that several large fees had been paid Atlanta lawyers since the war. Mr. Hill, in the celebrated Metcalf case, received a $100,000 fee, Judge Lochrane a fee of $40,000 in the Brunswick and Albany case, Mr. Hill a $20,000 fee in the Kimball case, and Judge Lochrane $15,000 in the same case. This is quite up to the figures of the ablest lawyers of New York.

—The report recently made that an opulent gentleman of this city proposed to found a great musical college in New York proves to be true. Dr. Elmer, of Fifth Avenue, states to a reporter for the *Times* that an elderly patient of his, a millionaire, who has no children and only one near relation, has determined to establish and endow such an institution during his lifetime, and to erect a building of great architectural beauty and grand proportions, with all the necessary appliances for both a school of music and the rendition of the works of the great masters. A bill to facilitate the matter has already passed the State Senate, and as soon as it becomes a law trustees will be named, and the work commenced. The site of the new edifice will probably be the Hippodrome.

—For the first time in England's history a Princess of Wales, accompanied by a Duchess of Sutherland, has gone to a prayer-meeting in a theatre—that event having occurred at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the afternoon of April 15. The meeting was conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and the aristocracy of the country are talking about it.

—"Extended" John Wentworth, of Chicago, has stepped forth before the people of that city in the character of a lecturer, giving some of the earliest and most interesting reminiscences of the place. The papers of the bailiwick speak of it as a decidedly clever performance.

—The quite outspoken Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, speaking of two retired Congressmen—General Butler and General Hawley, of Hartford—says: General H. "has not cut nearly so conspicuous a figure on the stage as his late official associate from Essex. He has never possessed a tithe of his influence with the powers that be. He probably does not possess to-day a fiftieth part of his money. Yet what young American whose nature has not been wholly spoiled wouldn't a thousand times rather be Joe Hawley, even with the certainty of never again setting foot in the Capitol, than to be Ben Butler?" It was quite natural that General Hawley should go into the war and distinguish himself, and it was also a part of the eternal fitness of things that he should in due course become Governor of Connecticut, but why, with the old Hartford *Courant* in possession, should he have descended to go to Congress? That, as Lord Dundreary says, is one of those things no fellow can find out.

—It is mentioned as something creditable to ex-Senator Flanagan, of Texas, that during his service of six years in the Senate he never touched intoxicating liquors, never used tobacco in any form, nor uttered a word of profanity.

—Ex-Governor Coburn, of Maine, is one of the most notorious log-rollers among the public men of New England. He has made a fortune by it. During the twenty-five years he has been in the lumber business he has sold logs to the amount of $5,000,000 without having made a written contract, and, as they say in Maine, "done it as easily as falling off a log."

—The will of Charles Kingsley, made just before he died, has been proved by John Martineau, the acting executor, the personalty being sworn under twenty thousand dollars. The testator bequeaths to his children's nurse an annuity of $100 for life, or until she shall marry, and, subject thereto, devises all his property to his wife.

—Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, who has been delighting the citizens of Buffalo during the past winter with a series of letters on English literature, claimed for Roger Williams "the first place as the practical founder of religious equality before the laws."

—Professor Proctor comes to America again next autumn to lecture on the transits of Venus, the methods of observing them, and their relations to other problems in astronomy. And then Mr. Proctor will probably while away the winter in cheerful and chatty ways among bright and pleasant people in New York, possibly go to Boston for a day or two, and gradually get himself in condition for the more serious and heavy business of the Centennial.

—Senator Frelinghuysen, who (as did his father before him) enjoys the reputation of a clear, unhesitating, ready debater, is said to write out his more important speeches with great care, and commit them to memory before delivery.

—The Rev. Mr. Wise, rabbi of the Hebrew congregation at Cincinnati, a gentleman of high culture and liberal views, delivered a lecture recently in Washington on "Union and College." His first question was, "What has kept Israel safe through centuries of trials and persecutions?"—his answer, "Instruction. This had been proven in the times of the Judges, when the prophet Samuel, through his influence, suppressed the demoralization in the Temple, and by means of schools and suitable teachings led Israel back to virtue and morality. These schools were the birth-place of Israel's literary future, and in them were trained the great men of this people. From the school established by Ezra came forth Palestine's civilization. Without the latter there would be to-day neither Christianity nor Judaism. When Israel had been scattered throughout the globe, when all the old traditions had been lost in the whirlpool of events, it was again the establishment of the school of Yamnia which proved the spirit of Israel, and which gave rise to the entire rabbinical literature now in our possession." Mr. Wise concluded by urging the importance of the building up of a rabbinical school which is to be opened in Cincinnati in October next.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The bill providing for the suspension of delinquent State officers by the Governor, and for their removal, upon conviction, by the vote of a majority of all the members elected to the Senate, passed the New York Senate April 23, only one member voting nay.

Three steamboats were burned at New Orleans April 23, and many lives were lost.

Attorney-General Williams has offered his resignation to the President, to take effect May 15.

The hostile Comanche chiefs, Maway, Long Hungry, and Wild Horse, have surrendered, with thirty-six of their followers.

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Miners' and Laborers' Association, held at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, April 21, it was decided to continue the coal strike in that region.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill abrogating those clauses of the constitution which allow the independent administration of ecclesiastical affairs, the unimpeded intercourse of religious bodies with their superiors, and freedom of clerical appointments.

It is reported that a plot has been discovered in Khiva for the massacre of all the Russians in the khanate. The Russian papers accuse the Emir of Afghanistan of complicity. It is thought that military operations have already been ordered by Russia.

The examination into the alleged Duchesne conspiracy against Prince Bismarck began at Brussels April 22. The prisoner Duchesne thrice refused to give the names of his accomplices.

Dr. Kenealy made a motion in the British House of Commons, April 23, for the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the circumstances of the Tichborne trials. After some discussion the motion was overwhelmingly defeated, the mover being the only member voting in its favor.

The police authorities of Posen have notified all the Ursuline Sisters in that district who are not natives of Germany to leave the country within two months.

AN ENGLISH FISHING MATCH.

FISHING matches are very popular in England, and large prizes are often awarded to the most successful anglers. Our illustration on this page is descriptive of a recent contest held in the river Lea, at a point called Pike and Anchor Fishery, Ponder's End. Nearly three hundred competitors were on the ground, many of whom were the crack rodsters of London, Nottingham, Wakefield, Sheffield, Birmingham, Brighton, and other towns. As the hour of one approached, all the competitors were at their swims, with rods in hand, and eager for the fray, and about a quarter to one the report of three guns proclaimed the welcome fact that the great piscatorial contest had commenced. As may be anticipated, no time was lost in unpacking, and as level money was laid to large sums against any one of the anglers securing even one fish, it was felt that no time was to be lost. Soon after the guns had fired, however, a report ran along the line that one fish had met his quietus, which proved to be a small roach taken by Mr. MANNING, who was thus credited with the first fish, though not the first prize. Others soon followed, though not in very rapid succession, and it was soon placed beyond a doubt that the whole of the twenty prizes would be taken. Very little else of interest occurred during the first hour, but between two and three o'clock the tow-path became crowded with partisans and friends of the different competitors, and anxious inquiries were addressed to the referee and umpires as to who, up to this time, had proved themselves the best men. Only one break-away occurred, Mr. FOSTER, who was fishing with a hair bottom, hooking a fair-sized chub, which, however, soon parted company; and the same angler had the misfortune to be caught by the rope of a passing barge and quietly deposited in about six inches of soft, yielding Ponder's End mud. One or two eels were taken, but they were barred from weighing previous to starting. As the time wore on, the crowd increased, and the umpires experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping them from pressing upon the now anxious competitors. As it was well known that only a few ounces of fish were taken by any of the anglers, the excitement became intense, and it was truly remarked that they were really fishing for gold. From the top end of the water a report came that one of the north-country men had killed a brace of roach about one pound each, while from the centre a perch three-quarters of a pound was whispered, and from near the bottom well-corroborated reports arrived that one of the crack rodsters had got the roach well on the feed, and was taking them almost every swim. The majority of these reports, however, proved fallacious, the heaviest catch of the day being only $13\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, all told, winning the first prize of £40. The twentieth prize was taken for 4 ounces. It may be said, without any disparagement to the winners of the various prizes, that, considering the wretched condition of the water, luck on the day was far superior to judgment. The anglers from Nottingham, Sheffield, and other towns fished with their usual skill and perseverance, but the elements were against them, and though none of them proved successful in winning a prize, they all expressed a determination of joining the next great sweepstakes.

A FISHING MATCH.

THE WALRUS HERD SURPRISED.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. W. ELLIOTT.]

A WALRUS HUNT.

THE capture of the walrus is more dangerous and less remunerative than that of the seal, especially when pursued by water—so hazardous, indeed, that the Greenlander never undertakes it alone. When wounded or hard pressed in the water it turns savagely upon its pursuers, and tries to sink the boats with its long tusks, with which it can strike tremendous downward blows. On land or ice it is almost helpless, owing to its clumsy bulk. In attacking a herd of these ungainly creatures out of water it is necessary to approach them with great caution, as they are very wary, and easily take alarm. The usual plan is to get between the herd and the sea, and dispatch them with fire-arms or lances in their awkward endeavors to reach the water.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

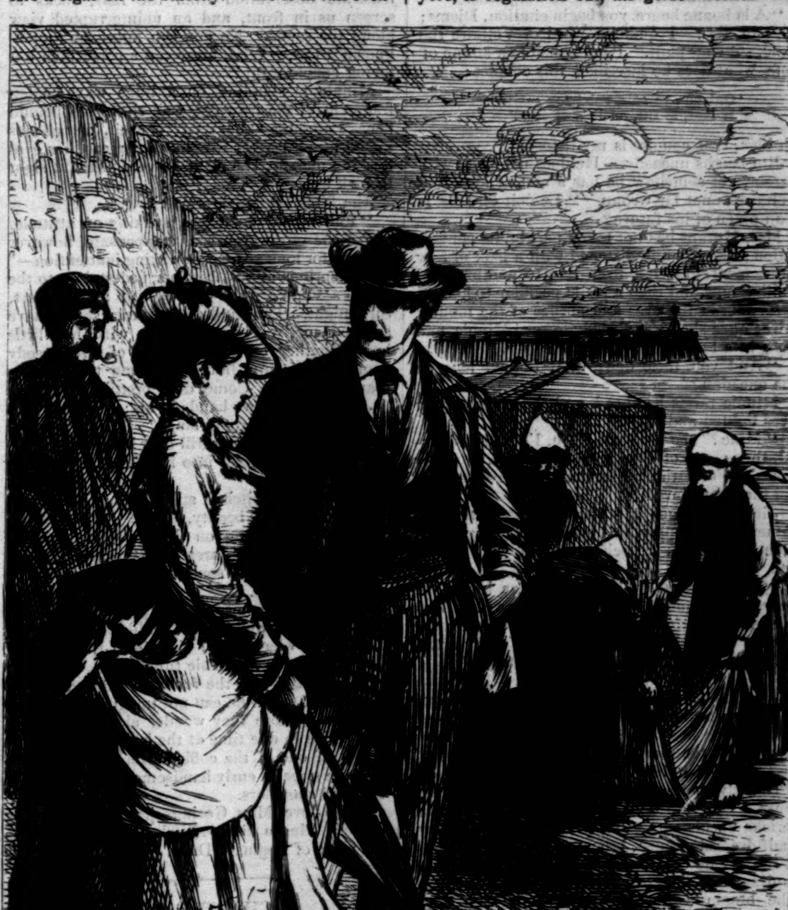
CHAPTER VII.

"SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID."

MALAISE, brilliant with glittering shops and gas-lit cafés, lies panting for a whiff of the fresh salt breeze that comes now and then in faint puffs from the sea. All day long the heat has been intense; the rough stones along the wharf have hardly cooled yet from under the flaming glare that seemed almost to simmer and throb in its own golden mist. And now the soft sweet moon, rising in voluptuous languor, silvers the calm, quivering waves, the black pier yonder where gleams the signal-light red and green, and these quaint mediæval house-tops that climb so steep and rugged to the bristling batteries above. Far west, on the horizon, lingers, as loath to quit so fair a scene, the exquisite pale rose of the fading after-glow, where it melts into tenderest sapphire—one tiny star; while on the balcony of the Hôtel des Pachas, listening to the droning hum of the tide of promenaders that ebbs and flows beneath, gazing dreamily at the Basse Ville as it nestles, sparkling and bright, against the hill-side, sits Minnie Goring, exchanging fitful bits of conversation with Jim, who reclines on two chairs, steeped in moonlight, and tremendously happy.

Lazily he lies along the gilt balustrade, his back to the town, his eyes resting now on the molten silver of the sea, now glancing into the salon at Mrs. Ferrers with her embroidery, or Ina Morant, whose fingers, diamond flashing, softly wander over the piano in delicious melody; but ever returning, eager and swift, to seek the beautiful face beside him; to watch against the velvet fauteuil the red-gold sheen on her splendid chestnut coronal in the yellow flood from the window; to linger over the deep-fringed lids, drooping in dreamy happiness, the delicate nostril, sensitive and clear, the clean-cut haughty lips, whose smile is so passing sweet; anon turning away, to begin again.

Under the square lace of her gauzy sable dress glisten bust and shoulders, creamy, living white, and in her bosom gently rises and falls a deep dull crimson rose. They have not long finished dinner; the colonel and Camille Latour are still discussing their Lafitte; but Jim "rather prefers a cigar on the balcony." He is in full evening costume—tiré à quatre épingles—unrecognizable. His hair, no longer unkempt as of yore, is regulation cut, his golden-flecked mustache carefully trimmed, his bronzed cheeks smooth as a babe's. Boots of the nattiest make adorn his feet.



TREGARVAN FEELS HIMSELF IN PERIL.

"It's the same dear old Crabs, I know," said Minnie, when she proceeded to inspect him, after the first outburst at meeting; "but oh, Jim, what a swell you are! You base creature, you look years younger than my Crabs."

He could scarcely have accounted for the feeling which made him wish to look his best after these three years' separation. That he, who so long had hardly known what he had on, should take to his old Musketeer elegance of costume and appearance, despising conventionality as he did, proved a feeling of strangeness incompatible with his former relations with Minnie. She left him a child; she returns a woman. He would not have her compare him to disadvantage with the class of men she has known, would not have her ashamed of her—well, her friend. (Of course now she is independent, and lives with the Ferrerses, his position toward her is more that of a devoted friend than, etc., etc.) Somewhat of a similar motive as that which induced Minnie to wear her plainest dress for the journey to Malaise brought him in perfect-fitting suit to meet the boat. And how could he help looking young with that look of quiet but intense happiness in his eyes? So he stretches his black legs on the chair, and wishes he could lie thus forever.

"Do you know, Min," he observes, with a sigh of pleasure, "I'm still incredulous."

"A propos de quoi?" inquires the arm-chair.

"Can't believe it's you sitting there. I keep fancying I shall awake, find it to-morrow morning, and all this a dream."

"Pinch yourself, Jim," she advises.

"Too comfortable. But I really can't realize it yet. Feel as if I wanted tangible proof."

"If you were any other young man," retorts Minnie, "I should consider that last remark of yours a paltry excuse to squeeze my hand."

They break into soft laughter. One laughs easily when cares are none, a pretty woman near—or bel homme, as the case may be—and dinner just over.

Jim stretches out his hand.

"Give a paw, little woman!" as from one in authority.

Obediently five small satin fingers close on his.

"I suppose I mustn't complain, as I suggested the idea," she laughs.

"Let's look at this hand you talk so much about," depreciatingly remarks Jim.

And then bending over the dimpled, delicate-veined skin, he whispers, "Sweet little hand! so I have got you back at last."

"What did you say, Jim?" asks Minnie, innocently, pretending not to have heard.

"Who gave you this ring, Miss Goring?" sternly, trying to take it off against a determined resistance. "I insist upon knowing."

"Oh, so please you, Sir, a friend of mine called James Tregarvan."

"What sort of a fellow is he? Some empty-headed prig, I suppose."

"Prig! Oh, Jim!" she exclaims, reproachfully. "No, Sir; a handsome—"

"Good 'evins!"—dramatic movement of astonishment.

"—Aristocratic, elegant, generous, noble old

Crabs, whose fingers I'm trying at the present moment to twist into knots."

Jim laughs from behind a fragrant cloud.

"Spare my blushes, Min. What a dreadful warning to conceited young men you'll make of me, if you lay it on so thick!"

"I don't believe you could be conceited if you tried," she says, pensively.

"Such a lot to be conceited about!" with vigorous passes in the air at an insane insect which buzzes defiance at him, and makes wild shots at his cigar.

"Don't fish, Jim; it's a bad habit, and I shouldn't think of indulging it."

"Lucky for me I'm so strong-minded," he pursues, having triumphantly beaten off his winged antagonist. "Strikes me such flattery from you might turn some fellows' heads."

"What a sweet little emphasis on the 'you!' We don't allow any Palais Royal imitation of the real article in *this* balcony, mon capitaine."

"Dane's head, for instance," continues Jim, knocking the ash off his weed.

"Say the Saracen's head at once," she laughs. "What put Dane's head into yours, eh?"

"Can't say, 'm sure. But I have a sort of idea that you wouldn't have much difficulty in originating rotary motion in that quarter."

"How sorry I should be!"—pathetically the arm-chair. "Dear Regy, whom we all love so much."

"Perhaps you have already?" with lazy suspicion.

"You need not pity him yet, Jim. 'There ain't no call to be afeard, mum,' as the man said when he pulled the old lady out of the Thames by her back hair. He's safe enough." A flutter of the fan. "I don't say he thinks me ugly, you know."

Jim smiles in confidence at his cigar, and watches the little wreath of smoke curling up in the still air. Silence now, save for the plash of the waves against the quay.

"Look here, Jim," continues Minnie, after a pause; "what made you talk about Dane?"

"Well"—puff—"expect it was what you told me about him."

"Après?" inquiringly.

"In your letters, you know, Min," he explains. "I read them so often, thought over them so much, that I almost seemed to see—to hear—what *you* did. You see, I connected one thing with another, pictured each little incident to myself, saw things perhaps more clearly than you; in fact— Well, I can't exactly explain my idea; but as for Dane—hopeless rotary motion!" He finishes his sentence with a gesture.

"So, you silly old Crabs, you really didn't light your pipe with *all* my letters?"

Jim bends forward with sudden movement to the laughing face beside him. Then, in hurried tones, as though the words came of themselves:

"Minnie, you'll never understand—you can't—how I have longed, how I have hungered, for those letters. In my loneliness they comforted me; when all seemed black and dreary they were there to cheer me up; they were my company when the hours were long and I alone, for they spoke to me of my little woman—they breathed of her. I could hold and read to-day what yesterday had been with her. Fancy, Min, when one came I used to lay it before me unopened, to sit and wonder what it would say to me—whether it would seem colder, more constrained, than the last. And then I opened it, and read it slowly, like a miser counting out his gold—slowly, like a—like a—" He hesitates for a simile.

"Like a lover parting from his bien-aimée, eh, Jim?" wickedly suggests Minnie. Then, with eyes that glisten, she looks rather than says, "My own *dear* old man, *I'm* here now, am I not?"

"You are, praise God!" piously from Jim. He rises, and pulls himself together; then leans over the balcony; then a growl: "He'll be here, too, soon enough."

"He? who?" very ingenuously.

"Why, that Dane, of course. Pound to a shilling on it!"

"But that won't make any difference to *us*, Jim."

"Won't it, by Jove!"

Minnie rises too, and leans over by his side. A pause, and their eyes meet.

"I'm happy, Jim. Are you?"

"Yes, Min," almost whispered.

"Then let's drop talking about what may never happen. And if he did, what of that? He's nothing to me."

"Sure, little woman?" A quick, anxious look into her upturned face.

"Quite sure, Jim."

A few minutes' eloquent stillness. Faintly, now swelling, now dying away, comes the delicious strain of the "Schönen Blauen Donau" from the town above; faintly comes the roar of the far-off surge; and the moon looks down on them and the silver sea.

Presently signs and tokens in the drawing-room of the colonel's re-appearance. Jim moves away a little from the gauze and lace, straightway wondering mentally why the devil he did so. Minnie checks a tender little sigh, and rises from the balustrade.

"Wonderfully lucky in the weather. Don't you think so?"

"Getting a bit cold for you, though, Minnie, in that dress. Shall we turn in?"

"Suppose we do—about coffee-time, I fancy."

Soft laughter as they move the chairs. Sotto voce:

"Don't you feel like a naughty boy, Jim?"

"Awfully. Case of 'Observed. We must dissemble.' Now, Min; ladies first."

Into the brilliant gas-light and the hum of conversation. Colonel Ferrers, as is his wont, back to the fire-place, hands in coat-tail pockets; Latour bending over Mrs. Ferrers's sofa, in animated narrative; Ina Morant, on a causeuse, gracefully enduring Hatchard junior—red-haired, beardless, ritualistic; on another sofa Mrs. Hatchard, between her two daughters, being harangued by the colonel.

Hand-shaking, salutations, coffee. The clergyman's wife accaparates Minnie. Jim subsides by the side of Mrs. Morant, and puts her ruddy youth to flight.

"I expect you've been having a good time of it there, captain," says the widow, with just the slightest drawl, and a side glance from her great black eyes.

"Oh, well, of course," explains Jim. "Long time apart—lots to talk about. Besides, you know, smoked a weed—lovely night."

"Better than red hair, altar cloths, and Gregorians, anyhow, I fancy."

"Is it possible!" with horror; "I condole with you."

"So kind of you," she laughs. Then, "Please relieve me," with a final sip at her mocha.

Jim, empty cup in hand, is waylaid as he passes the sofa.

"Au secours, my friend; assist me to confute ces dames."

Button-holed by Camille, he resigns himself to his fate; Ina sails up in support of her cavalier.

"We are in the midst of an argument, Captain Tregarvan," interposes the colonel's wife. "Monsieur Latour insists that every human being is fated to go through one grande passion in the course of life. Now, don't you agree with me that it is the exception, not the rule?"

Jim strokes his mustache, and pleads total ignorance of the subject; then catches an expressive look from the Morant, and feels his face flush—a natural result of the heated atmosphere.

"Ah, you desert me!" exclaims the little Gaul. "You deny my theory. Yet, believe me of it; each human being"—holding up his left thumb, and tapping it with his right forefinger—"is fated to encounter his affinity in another human being"—left forefinger held up in illustration—"at some period of his life, n'importe quand. They will lofe; that lofe may be of the most unhappy, but they *must* lofe. Hein?"

"I never thought much about it, I assure you," says Jim, with a short laugh. "I always fancied one grew out of that sort of thing, you know—on en revient—after twenty-five. Romance, bah! What does the widow say in *La Famille Benoiton?* 'Avril passé, bon soir violettes.'"

Minnie looks up from her corner at hearing the captain hold forth, and signifies her disapprobation of his sentiments in derisive applause. The clerical silk on the sofa is understood to sigh forth something about "judicious choice—mutual respect—parents' consent." But Camille is now on his mettle, and takes up his parable.

"À la bonne heure, you begin citation, Djems; I quote also. I quote a word of Voltaire the cynic, s'il vous plait. Passing before a statue of Lofe, what does he inscribe? this couplet:

> 'Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître:
> Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être!'

Eh bien, that couplet is my theory."

Jim laughs uneasily. He does not agree with Latour, yet somehow he has a sort of idea that Voltaire is not far wrong. "Le doit être?" Is it an omen of his future?

Mrs. Morant has not taken part in the conversation; she has only listened with a look of lazy amusement, glancing from one to another, and smiling now and then a smile peculiar to herself—a smile in the eyes and corner of the mouth. All at once she turns sharply toward Minnie, and says, in a low voice:

"And you, little one; what is your idea on the question?"

Minnie raises her head, and the strange gray eyes lighten and flash.

"Mine?" she laughs. "Ah, I'm old-fashioned, then; out of date entirely;" then, in lower tones, "For I think that none have *really* lived till they have loved."

Jim disengages his long legs from the fair American's drapery, and makes for the window, where he plants himself erect, frowning out to sea.

"None *really* lived till they have loved," he repeats to himself. "I wonder does she look forward to *really* living shortly? Of course she does. Natural course of events—I've known it all along; and yet— D—n that Dane!"

Outside the Hôtel des Pachas; time, six A.M.; a glorious summer morning; Captain Tregarvan walking leisurely up and down, in front of the portico, to the tune of the "British Grenadiers," executed with brilliant impromptu variations. Presently a sound as of the removal of bolts and bars. One half door creaks open; the captain pricks up his ears. To him emerges a sleepy, half-dressed garçon, broom in hand, and stares. Probably he wonders at a man getting up at all unless he is thereto compelled. Next, he leans the broom against one pillar, and sits down against the other, yawns and rubs his eyes; then he produces a slice of bread and sausage from his pocket and munches vigorously, exchanging hoarse greeting with two fishermen who pass toward the harbor; then yawns again and stretches himself. Finally, takes up his broom again, and sweeps down the steps, raising vicious clouds of dust.

A few minutes more, and a shapely, serge-clad form appears at the door, hesitates, and runs quickly through the dust; then affects intense astonishment at the sight of the British Grenadier. It is Minnie.

"*You* here, Captain Tregarvan? Good-morning. Do you happen, by any chance, to be going my way?"

And they turn off, laughing gayly, down the Rue du Marché toward the sea-shore; past the quaint old houses, with their black cross-beams; past the dingy little shops, the tiny boucherie, the débit de tabac, the estaminet Napoléon and its crossed cues and balls; the old women already knitting at their doors, the hagglers outside the fish-market, and the boat-builders' at the corner—out into the teeth of the fresh morning breeze, along the battered old sea-wall, and down on to the miles of crisp dry sand.

Minnie stops suddenly when they have walked a few yards.

"Isn't this simply delicious, Jim?" she says, inhaling the salt sea-air, and turning slowly round to feast her eyes on the scene she knows and loves so well.

Behind them, the queer old town, creeping down from the rugged white cliff; up there, the fort with its tricolor floating bravely in the breeze; on the left, the port, the pier, and the gay new Parisian Malaise; a mile to the right, the cliff running out into the Channel, all dotted with caverns and landslip; and in front, the glittering sea, gray still under the clouds of dawn, with its white horses galloping up swiftly to break in foam on the rock-edged sands.

"Isn't it *too* delicious, Jim?" she repeats.

"Yes, child"—gruffly; enjoying her enjoyment, yet unable to get rid of the thought that fills his mind. A few short weeks, and he will be alone again. Her undisguised delight at being with him, her unaffected love of the old scenes and faces, only add to the bitterness of this feeling. He tries hard to feel thoroughly happy—to taste to the full all the dreamy content of the swift hours they pass together—to store up the present, a sweet memory for the future—but in vain. Bitterly jealous is he of those who will take their place in her every-day life; bitterly does he complain against the hard fate that separates him from her. Yet, after all, à quoi bon? For could she care, even were it feasible, to spin out her young life beside his soured and disappointed middle age?

"Look, Jim," she continues, picking her way among the scattered rocks and miniature ponds the tide has left for the benefit of various stranded shell-fish; "I suppose it's owing to the inherent perversity of my nature, but, do you know, I am enjoying this walk most tremendously."

"Complimentary, very," with injured dignity.

"No, I don't mean that; I mean it has a sort of stolen flavor about it, which recommends it highly to me. You see"—with a quick look at her companion—"no one *knows* we are gadding about like this in the gray of the morning. That's the point of it."

"To add to the zest of the adventure," suggests Jim, "we ought to imagine that we are awfully afraid of being found out."

"The very place for a clandestine interview"—as they approach the promontory. "A cliff to frustrate observation from the rear, rocks to screen us in front, and an uninterrupted view along the sands. No one can approach 'unbeknown' to us. What more can a persecuted but loving couple want?"

Minnie is standing on a huge wave-beaten fragment of the frowning wall that rises behind her. Laughing at her own "conceit," her cheeks kissed into a fresher rose by the breeze, her eyes flashing merrily, she stands a very pleasant sight to look upon.

Jim finds her laughter catching.

"Fair maid," he spouts, striking an attitude, "if a life of devotion can compensate, however slightly, for long years of unwitting inattention—"

She springs lightly from her pedestal on to the sand. "You are not very well up in your part, Sir Knight. The hand of assistance should have awaited me." Then standing, with her little boots together, on the other side of a sea-weedy pool—"Now, my James, help me to leap this roaring torrent. Come, do it prettily."

Jim holds her two hands in his; she looks into his face with a bright laugh. The soft warm clasp sends a strange thrill over him, a flash into his eyes, a faint color into his cheek. Over she goes.

"You little witch!" still holding her hands and gazing at her beauty.

"We are getting on deliciously," she says, "with our romance, aren't we—you and I?"

The "you and I" sounds parlous sweet in her companion's ears.

"Rather!" he answers, under his breath.

"Almost as well as if—" sudden check.

"As if what, Min?" inquires Jim, turning sharply, in unaccountable tumult.

"Nothing," and the fair face shows signs of distress, of which he can not imagine the cause.

So once more they wander along the shore, and arrive in due time at the hotel.

Out of one of the coffee-room windows leans into the street a curly handsome head and a pair of broad shoulders.

"By Jove, Miss Goring—Tregarvan! How de do? Had a nice walk?" and the voice is as the voice of Reginald Dane.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE THE PICNIC.

Somewhat apart from the throng of gayly dressed ladies—who are sitting, work in hand, on the terrace of the Établissement, listening to the band and the blandishments of such of their male friends as eschew the buffets of the fresh white surf—Captain Tregarvan leans against the low granite wall and watches the many-colored bathers disport themselves in the waves. Next him Mrs. Morant, in a miraculous morning costume, amuses herself with merciless criticism of the petits crevés, who pass and repass in full glory of blue serge and brass buttons, death-dealing velveteens, and hugest of checks; tight as to the nether man, short as to the upper, even unto ignominy, they march along jauntily, and look conquests through their pince-nez at every pretty face they see.

"Where did Minnie and Mr. Dane go when you left them, captain?" inquires the widow, wearied of slaughter, with a smothered little yawn.

"Heaven only knows!" shrugging his shoulders.

"You don't know and don't care, that means," she suggests.

"I *think* they intimated their intention"—dubiously amended—"of going up the town to see about the char-à-bancs for this afternoon."

"Poor things! they *must* be up a tree for something to do if they can make up their minds to prowl about Malaise in this heat."

The widow is like most Americanesses—she hates walking.

"I would have urged upon them," continues Jim, with a dry laugh, "the superior advantage of an awning here and our society, but they seemed so wrapped up in the char-à-bancs and each other that I fancied—"

"Where ignorance is bliss—or, rather, dusty roads," she breaks in—"awnings and Captain Tregarvan can be nothing but folly. Eh?"

He relapses into petulant silence. Ina goes on, with a malicious smile:

"And so, when your fancies had sent you considerably mad, you made tracks for me, and haven't said two sentences since. Let me see"—flashing a tiny diamond-studded watch in the sun—"they have been gone about half an hour, I guess."

"They can stop the whole morning, if they like," Jim growls, viciously.

"Why should they like?" she asks, fanning herself with lazy grace.

"Any body can see he'd give a pound a minute for a walk with her"—very ill-tempered here.

"But, Minnie?" pursues the widow. "She's not much éprise, now, come."

"Seems rather like it"—with bitterness. "She's had enough quiet quarts d'heure with him this last week."

Mrs. Morant looks down pensively at her little salmon kids, with an amused twinkle under her long lashes, wondering en passant whether the fit might not be a shade nearer perfection if she had them made to order.

"Well, captain, and who's to blame for that?"—watching him quietly.

"How 'who's to blame,' Mrs. Morant?"

"Why, supposing now," she continues, "that she is not quite so fond of those quiet quarts d'heure as you think, have you ever given her a chance of avoiding them? Have you not always given up your claims to her society with an ostentatious assumption of indifference, which pains her, but does not deceive me?"

The captain bites his lip, but finds nothing to say.

"I've seen a good many of these little affairs"—with a pardonable look of conscious power—"and I'm not quite blind yet. Shall I tell you something that strikes me very forcibly, captain?"

"Say on," he remarks, not very encouragingly.

"It strikes me," she pursues, "that you are now and have been all last week what my countrymen would call 'tarnation' jealous. There!"

"Jealous?" repeats Jim, with well-feigned surprise; "that's news certainly. And of whom?"

"Ah, bah!" exclaims the Morant, impatiently. "Don't look so innocent all at once, or you might be taken for a curate on leave. You know well enough."

Then, seeing his face still so obstinately obtuse, she changes her tone.

"But I forgot; perhaps I am presuming on our slight acquaintance. You must excuse it, captain. You see, I have been so much in the habit of talking about you with Minnie, and I seem to know so much about you, that I almost fancied myself an old friend—for the moment. Pardon the mistake."

The widow drops her voice, and looks down in fascinating woe. Her observation about Minnie hugely pleases Jim, and he pours forth unlimited protestations of his sentiments over the salmon kids.

"What a wicked thing to say, Mrs. Morant, when you know as well as I do that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to do a permanent Gamaliel arrangement at your feet!"

She smiles graciously, plays with her fan, and looks serious again.

"Put me out of suspense, there's a good Gamaliel. Let's know who it is."

"Look here, captain," she observes, laying two fingers on his arm, "I don't know why, but I take a great interest in you—I like you—fact. Well, I'm going to say something to you straight out, because I think you are deceiving yourself, and because I know there's no one else would have the face to tell you so."

He tries to interpose, but is checked by a gesture.

"Now, don't interrupt, and don't be offended at what I say. Promise?"

Jim promises dutifully. She looks at him a moment to make sure of her ground, and goes on.

"Look, mon ami; you are jealous—and you are jealous of Minnie Goring. But that is not all."

The captain changes countenance, and bites nervously at his mustache.

"You *love* your ward, or you are falling in love with her as fast as ever you can. Now, don't say a word. Think over it, confess to yourself, and remember what you said to me the other day when I advised you, in joke, to marry her. It will sufficiently excuse my speaking to you like this."

She stops a moment. Jim's breath comes short and hoarse. The band is gayly rattling out *Orphée aux Enfers*, and seems to mock the pain in his heart.

"You said," she resumes, in a low voice, "that even if *she* wished it, you would consider it a dishonor to think of a marriage which would tie her to a man much older than herself, deprive her of the society she was born for, and prevent her making a brilliant match."

"Of course," says Jim, dreamily. The words

"brilliant match," "brilliant match," seem to buzz in his ears, till he wonders what they mean.

"Think of what I've said, captain. I like you, and don't want to see your life imbittered by a fruitless passion. I like Minnie, and don't want to see her making a fool of herself for the sake of an idea. Look at me: I was young and pretty; Mr. Morant was a millionaire. We were quite happy. And he died, poor man, in the most admirable way. Quite an edifying ending, as our minister said in his oration."

And with these words the handsome American rises and walks off, attended by a pair of somewhat vicious eyes.

As they pace up and down past the crowded chairs, Jim bends his head now and then in answer to the commonplaces into which the Morant has drifted, now and then hazards an observation of his own still more commonplace; but her confidences have strangely disturbed his thoughts.

Hitherto—like one who, receiving a letter in an unknown hand, turns and returns it, scrutinizes the superscription, inspects the postmark and monogram, but can not make up his mind to open it and read, whatever be the contents—he has never mustered up the courage to sound his heart and analyze the feelings within, to probe mercilessly for the cause of the pain he knows is spreading so surely, and is yet hardly willing to confess.

Has he, then, *really* been deceiving himself? Has he, then, all along been willfully mistaking for the affection of a guardian a mad, a hopeless love? And is it the fire of passion which has been smouldering so long in his breast but to break out now, in all its fierce, unreasoning might, at the words of a stranger's lips, at the touch of a stranger's hand?

Does he, then, *love* his little Min? And is this love, unacknowledged even to himself, so unconcealed, so palpable, that this gay American can read it in his face, can see it in his actions? She has just warned him against indulging a sentiment, when as yet he was ignorant of its existence. Ignorant? Ay, totally. Has he not always dismissed the very idea of a more intimate connection with Min? Impossible that he should love her.

And yet if Ina Morant were right, after all? And yet if he should be still trying to deceive himself? And yet what, if not this love, should make of his life such a blank when he is alone, such a paradise when he is with Minnie? Why should he have treasured up her letters, and made them his companions? Why should a little glove she dropped the other morning on the sands be at this moment in his left breast pocket? Why should her likeness be somewhat dulled by his kisses? Why should her hand send a thrill through him, her coming bring the hot blood to his face, her absence with another raise the maddest jealousy in his heart, if it be not that he loves her?

And so reasoning with himself, he walks along, longing all the time to be alone where he could ponder over all this—and, perchance, prove to himself that Ina is wrong, and he heart-whole. But he must keep on his company face, must spin out conversation for the widow, must bear the glare of the sun, when all the while he is registering in his mind a vow not to condemn his darling to the disappointments and regrets of a life with him, even if she should ever love him.

"Good Heavens!" he thinks, "if she *should* ever love me!"

And the passionate wild feeling rises in him, struggling against the strong will that keeps it under, that has kept it under so long.

As they come to the chairs again they see Dane bending over Minnie and Mrs. Ferrers, with his auburn curls gleaming bravely in the sun. Near him stands a small, slightly built English youth, principally remarkable from the fact that he has so peculiar a nasal organ that somehow you seem to see the nose first, and then the little man. It certainly is a very large nose, and obtrudes itself perseveringly to the utter extinction of a little waxed mustache, a pair of lack-lustre eyes, and a huge hot-house "button-hole."

The widow and Jim are introduced—"Lord Baccarat, Scots Fusiliers"—and on the arrival of the colonel they rise with one accord, and wend their way toward the hotel, and lunch.

As they emerge from the Établissement gardens into the quarter of a mile of chalky road that winds behind a bit of cliff to the harbor, Dane hooks his arm securely into Jim's, and waves his hat airily to the others.

"Au revoir, ladies and gentlemen," he cries. "We are off to herald your approach. Come on, old man; see about lunch, and so on, for them."

Jim thinks, with inward wrath, he never saw a man look so shamefully happy. He trudges on, however, keeping time with his Reginald's springy stride, and wondering mentally how a fellow *can* make such a consumed ass of himself as to walk about the streets with this "I-love-you-all, What-a-jolly-world-it-is" expression in his face.

Mrs. Morant falls to the lot of the Nose, who opens fire with the usual local, barometrical, and thermometrical conversation. Presently, nodding toward the captain's stalwart figure ahead: "Service, I s'pose?" sleepily. "Eh?" with a jerk.

The widow looks puzzled, and awaits light.

"Been in the service, that-er fellah, hasn't he? Army, you know, Mrs.-er Maroon?"

"Morant," she corrects—"M-o-r-a-n-t."

"Eh?" turning sharply. "Oh, ah, yes; Mrs.-er Morant. I fancy I've seen him, you know, somewhere. When we were at Beggar's Bush."

"He was in the English army, I know; rather before your time, though, I expect."

The Fusilier certainly is not a veteran.

"When we were at Beggar's Bush," he persists. "Barracks, you know, Dublin. Blewsang of ours had a little fox-terrier—thoroughbred, best dawg I ever saw in my life—and it got lost, and-er— Eh?"

Ina finds her companion's conversation rather trying. Every now and then he turns upon her with severe inquiry at the end of his flow of ideas, as though she were responsible for their dearth. He sticks, moreover, to his ante-Malaisian meeting with Jim with the tenacity of despair, lest he should be altogether reduced to silence, and minutely considers the for and against till they arrive at the hotel. But here he has an inspiration.

"By Jove! Mrs.-er Morant, happy thought! *I'm* going to this affair of-er Latour's. Never thought of that! So we can finish our conversation after lunch. To be continued in our next, you know."

With this pleasing prospect before her, the widow enters the salon, and exchanges greetings with Mrs. Hatchard, who, together with the hope of the Hatchards, young Wenceslas, and a damsel "by the name of" Peverel, is preying on the weak minds of Jim and the elated one, as they stand resignedly flattened against what ought to be the fire-place, but happens to be a stove.

"Oh, *do* you know, *dear* Mrs. Ferrers," says the worthy dame, when the rest of the party appear, "I must *apologize* for Samuel and the dear girls"—Samuel is her husband. "They *can not* get through the school-work till just before we start. So they won't be here till the last moment."

The colonel's wife receives this announcement with much equanimity, and forthwith gives the signal for lunch. During the meal, it transpires that they are all going in the afore-mentioned char-à-bancs to spend the afternoon at Camille Latour's house, some few miles out of Malaise. Dane, who with his absurdly good spirits is keeping the table in a continuous giggle, reports that the result of his expedition with Miss Goring has been to secure finally the only suitable vehicle in the town, which had been vacillating between them and a party of school-girls out for a treat. He keeps referring to Minnie, across the table, in a confidential way. "Didn't we, Miss Goring?" "Wasn't it clever of us, Miss Goring?" Und so weiter. And she herself chaffs and smiles in return. All of which is apparently highly delightful to Jim, for he sits with a grim black face by her side, and says never a word. But the blacker he looks the more Regy has to say to his vis-à-vis.

Once Jim feels a little hesitating pressure of Minnie's foot on his boot. He takes it away in virtuous indignation. Then repents having done so. Then puts it back, and is angry because it is not pressed again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday,	9.	—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	16.	—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	23.	—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday,	30.	—First Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	11.	—International Sunday-school Convention, Baltimore.
Wednesday,	19.	—German Reformed Synod (triennial), Fort Wayne, Indiana. General Conference Methodist Church, Princeton, Illinois.
Thursday,	20.	—Presbyterian General Assemblies—Northern, Cleveland; Southern, St. Louis.
Tuesday,	25.	—Baptist Anniversaries, Philadelphia.
Wednesday,	26.	—General Synod Lutheran Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. International Young Men's Christian Association, Richmond, Virginia.

JUNE.

Sunday,	6.	—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Friday,	11.	—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	13.	—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.	—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.	—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	27.	—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.	—St. Peter.

THE persecution of the professors of the University of Madrid by the Spanish government has entered upon another stage. Señor JINER, Professor of Natural Law, was arrested on the night of the 1st of April, hurried from his bed, taken to a train for Cadiz at five o'clock in the morning, whence he was to be transported to the Canary Islands. Since then Professors MORAYTA and FIGUEROLA have also been exiled. Señor JINER is represented to be a modest, retiring man and a good Catholic, who has had little or nothing to do with politics.

Since the issue of the circular of Signor OROVIO, on the 26th of February, Professors CASTELAR and SALMERON, both ex-Ministers of State, have resigned, and it is rumored that Signor PISIPAJORES, the rector, has resigned also. The circular, as has already been stated, directed all institutions of learning dependent on the state to use only approved text-books, and required the professors of the university to submit the programmes of their lectures to the rector, that he might see that "they contained nothing at variance with Catholic dogma." The officers who did not resign at once on the appearance of the decree protested, and the answer of the government is—exile.

The professors of the University of Madrid are especially obnoxious to the reactionists, because they have been very conspicuous as liberal leaders. At a visit paid to the university by the king and his minister OROVIO, the former delighted the students by his promises of patronage of all liberal learning; the latter severely lectured them on their liberal tendencies, and told them that "they must expect to turn over a new leaf."

The evangelical fervor of which the labors of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY are a symptom is spreading all over the Christian world. THEODORE MONOD has been holding meetings in Geneva, attended by more than sixty ministers and from 2000 to 3000 Christians. At Nismes, in France, one hundred ministers recently assembled and held daily services, where the attendance was so large that frequently two meetings were going on at the same time. The Rev. C. H. RAPPARD, inspector of the Missionary Institute at Chrischona, near Basle, is especially active in these labors. Meetings have been held in the chief towns of Switzerland, and also in Strasburg and Stuttgart. A conference similar to that held last year in Oxford will be held in June next at Brighton. Clergymen from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany have been invited, and are expected to be present. The labors of Mr. HAMMOND appear to be approved by the pastors of San Francisco, and are still continued. Mr. SOMERVILLE, an ardent Scotch Presbyterian, is holding similar conferences in Calcutta, Allahabad, and Lucknow, India. The concurrence of so many Christians in activities of the same description, and yet in widely separated regions of the earth, is certainly a very remarkable fact.

Dean STANLEY, who is extremely popular in Scotland, not long since preached in the parish church of Dundee (Presbyterian) to a crowded congregation. This is said to be the first sermon delivered by an Episcopalian dignitary in the parish church of Dundee for very many years. His topic was "Peace."

The Roman Catholic University at Kensington, London, has been opened.

Mr. GLADSTONE will reside for a time at Oxford, with a view to the prosecution there of his theological studies.

The draft of the constitution of the Presbyterian Confederation has been read to and adopted by the delegates of the American Churches. It will be submitted to the meeting of representatives of all Presbyterianism, which will be held in London during the month of July. The name selected is, "The Confederation of the Reformed Churches holding to the Presbyterian System." The objects proposed are "to help weak and struggling Churches; to promote freedom of Church action; to gather and disseminate information concerning the Church at large; to commend the Presbyterian systems, as combining simplicity, efficacy, and adaptation to all times and conditions;" and to consider all subjects directly concerned with the work of evangelization. The Alliance will be under the direction of a Council composed of delegates from all the Presbyterian bodies in connection with it. The delegates will consist of ministers and elders in equal numbers. The powers of the Council will be advisory only; its judgments and recommendations will be communicated to the higher courts of the several Churches.

Nothing is known of the proceedings of the Roman Catholic bishops of Prussia at their late Fulda meeting. There were present Dr. MELCHERS, Archbishop of Cologne, who presided; Dr. FOERSTER, Prince-Bishop of Breslau; the Archbishop of Freiburg; Dr. BECKMANN, Bishop of Osnabrück; Dr. JACOBI, Bishop of Hildesheim; Baron VON KETTELER, Bishop of Mayence; Dr. EBERHARD, Bishop of Treves; Dr. BLUM, Bishop of Limburg; Dr. CREMENTZ, Bishop of Ermeland; and the Vicars-General of Münster, Cologne, and Paderborn. Foreign papers express confidence that the bill regulating the legal position of the Old Catholics will pass at the present session of the Prussian Diet. When enacted it will be copied by the other states of the German Empire. So many of the Jesuits expelled from Germany have settled in Holland that the imperial government has ordered a strict surveillance of the districts on that side of its frontier.

The ladies of Calcutta have for some time carried on a species of temperance crusade among the lowest population of that city. On Christmas they prepared hot coffee for the sailors who came to their early morning prayer-meeting. As a result there was less drunkenness than usual on that day.

Despite the scarcity of money, the Baptist Home Mission Society has received, for the financial year 1874–75, $1000 more than in any former year. The total of contributions has been $192,000. The debt of $45,000 has been reduced to $15,000. The Baptist Missionary Union (Foreign) has not fared so well. Its receipts have been $241,000, $20,000 less than in the year preceding, and its debt has increased to $53,000.

The committees on union appointed by the Synods of the English Presbyterian and the United Presbyterian Churches have had a conference in London. The difficulties in the way of an entire agreement were discussed, but no satisfactory plan for their removal was suggested.

The impulse to preach has taken hold of the English nobility. The Marquis of Cholmondely and the Earl of Cavan occupy a pulpit at St. George's Hall, London; Lord RADSTOCK has gone to Russia, which he has chosen as his field for the present; Lord CARRICK is preaching in Castle-Comer and other towns in Ireland; and a son of Lord CHICHESTER is holding meetings in the villages of Sussex, of which county his father is lord-lieutenant.

On March 31 Cardinal MANNING took possession of his titular church in Rome (San Gregorio). About a thousand persons, mostly English and Americans, were present. After his induction the cardinal delivered a short sermon. Early in April he was again in London, where he had a public reception. Numerous representatives of the Roman Catholic clergy and nobility of England were present. A presentation of five thousand guineas was made to the cardinal by his friends.

It is the practice of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to publish a calendar of the collisions of the Church and the government of Germany growing out of the new laws. That for the week beginning March 26 and ending April 2 contains thirty cases. Among them are nine prosecutions of newspapers begun or decided. The fines fall like snow-flakes, and the imprisonments are not few. The most important recent proceedings are those brought against Monsignor CYBICHOWSKI, the Coadjutor Bishop of Gnesen and Posen, for having consecrated the "holy oils" on Maundy-Thursday. The holy oil is the material of the "sacrament" of extreme unction. The government maintains that in this consecration the coadjutor acted as the substitute of the contumacious archbishop, and therefore prosecutes him. According to Catholic authorities, seventy-nine of the clergy of Posen and Gnesen are in prison. Among these are one archbishop, one suffragan bishop, two canons, twenty-nine deans, five provosts, one administrator, and thirty-nine vicars. Twenty-eight priests have been banished from Posen.

The Rev. Mr. KING, the Church of England clergyman who was rebuked by the Bishop of Lincoln for breeding race-horses, and requested to resign his living, has been, it would appear, very successful on the turf. According to the *Rock*, of London, he won in eleven races £15,275, or over £1300 on each race. The *Rock's* comment is, "*O tempora! O mores!*"

The Edinburgh Medical Mission, which has its dispensary in the "Cowgate," has been in existence thirty-four years. It employs four surgeons and fourteen young men among the population of that part of the city. It is now proposed to erect in a more convenient location a new dispensary and training institution, to bear the name of DAVID LIVINGSTONE, who was himself a medical missionary.

In the *Congregationalist* Dr. WILLIAM M. PATTON, of Chicago, speaks in the highest terms of the personal character of Messrs. MOODY and WHITTLE, the lay evangelists. Dr. PATTON was Mr. WHITTLE's pastor for years, and thus describes him: "He was from the first an earnest worker in the Sunday-school, and soon united with the Tabernacle Church, organized from one of our mission schools, where he was long the superintendent of the largest school in the city, and often supplied the pulpit when it was vacant. Though he was receiving a salary of $5000 from the Elgin Watch Company, he was induced by the example and persuasion of Mr. MOODY to become a lay evangelist."

Of Mr. WHITTLE's musical companion, Mr. BLISS, Dr. PATTON gives this account: "Mr. BLISS is really the better singer of the two, and they are his songs (music and words) which Mr. SANKEY is using with such marked effect. Artistically these are not of a high order, but they are full of pathos and piety, and remarkably succeed in impressing men with the characteristic ideas and words of the Gospel. Often they dissolve an entire audience in tears, and they well accompany the eminently Scriptural preaching of Mr. WHITTLE, who sets home the very language of the Bible with wonderful directness and power."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN dressed in sailor costume was up in a criminal court the other day upon a charge of stealing a pair of boots. As he had no counsel, the Court appointed a young lawyer to take charge of the defense. The lawyer opened the case with a speech, in which he alluded to his client as "a child of the sad sea waves, a nursling of the storm, whom the pitiless billows had cast, a forlorn and friendless waif, upon the shores of time, after a life spent in fierce and heroic contest with the raging elements." Then the defendant was put in the dock, and the fact was revealed that he was cook upon a canal-boat, previous to which he had hawked fish. The "nursling of the storm" is now in jail for six months.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC AGAINST SEASICKNESS—Never go to sea.

"Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher—"ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal—"I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a horphan."

TYPICAL TREES.

For gouty people—the ache corn.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school-boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the och.
For conjurers—the palm.
For negroes—See dah!
For young ladies—the man go.
For farmers—the plant'in.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the pop'lar.
For physicians—syc a more.
For your wife—her will, O.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For sewing-machine people—the hemlock.
For boarding-house keepers—'ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who this is written for—yew.

A REVOLVER—The earth.

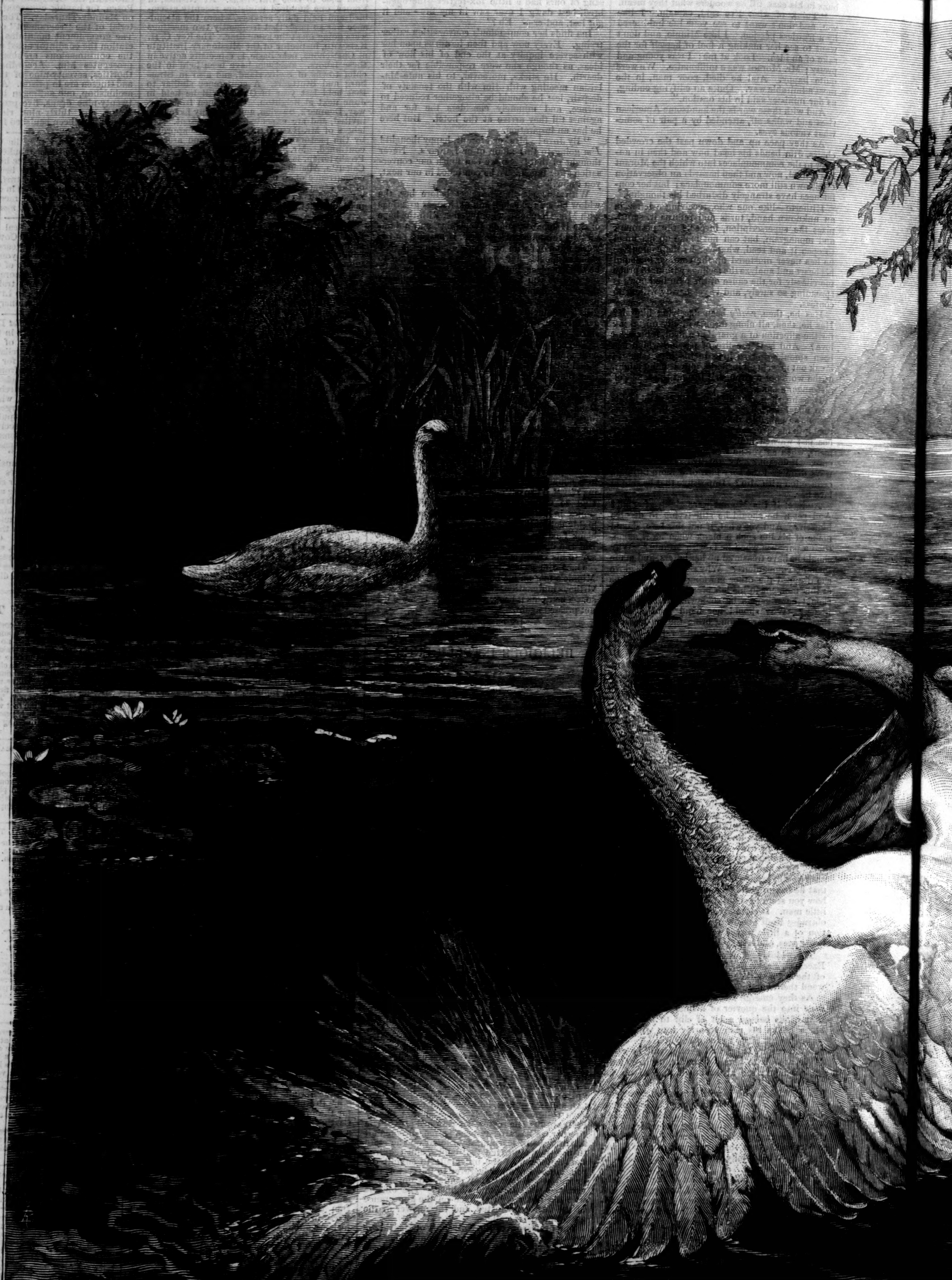
Said the master to Mary, sweet-lipped lass,
As she stood in her place at the head of the class:
"You can, my dear, decline a kiss, without doubt?"
"I can," she replied, with a blush and a pout—
And a glance to the master's heart deeply there shot—
"But, Sir, if you please, I would much rather not."

Some time-honored proverbial sayings need revision to suit the age. For instance, "Boys will be boys" is entirely wrong, for every body knows that they endeavor to appear like men as much and as soon as possible.

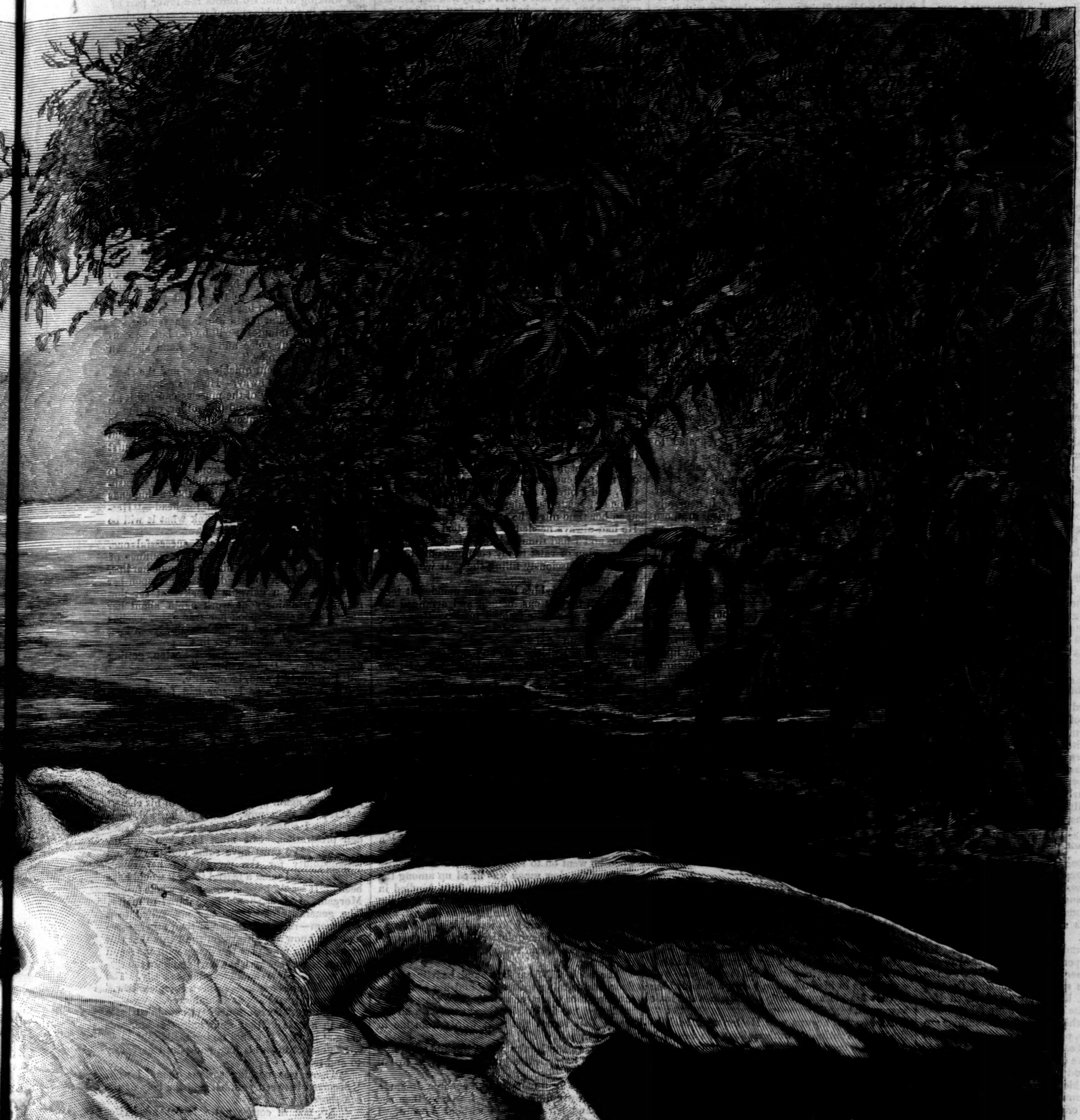
It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words they generally use low language.

At a recent wedding, according to a London paper, "the bride walked on the arm of her father." We fancy the bridegroom must have been a little alarmed to see such an acrobatic performance.

A Highland minister, given somewhat to exaggeration in the pulpit, was remonstrated with by his clerk, and told of its ill effects upon the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to give a cough by way of a hint. Soon after he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty feet long." "Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk. "That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by ours they were fifteen feet long." "Ahem!" louder than before. "But as you may think this is extravagant, we'll just say they were ten feet." "Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorous. The parson leaned over the pulpit, and shaking his finger at the clerk, said, "Ye may cough there all night long, mon—I'll nae tak' off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes with nae teels at a'?"



THE DUEL.—Drawn by . Wolf.—



.WOLF.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

THE DUEL.

OUR double-page illustration represents a combat between two swans who are apparently adjusting some difficulty that has arisen between them by fighting it out, after the manner of duelists, who settle their quarrels by an attempt to mutilate and destroy each other. As some fair lady is often the cause of duels between gentlemen, so some snow-white beauty among swan society may be the cause of the quarrel represented in the engraving. For, in spite of the fact that swans are praised by poets for their mildness and gentleness, a closer investigation into their habits and modes of life seems to show that they are warlike, vindictive, and cruel. It has been observed of the male that he is especially savage at pairing time, and wins his mate by annihilating, if possible, all other aspirants to her favor. In fighting they use their strong bills and powerful wings, and the victor frequently wins the battle by adroitly seizing his rival by the neck, and holding his head under water until he is drowned. The female will attack fiercely any thing that approaches her nest, and so powerful is she that she has little difficulty in protecting herself and her young, her strength enabling her to conquer even such an enemy as the eagle, if he ventures to attack her. It has been said that a blow from the wing of a swan is sufficient to break a man's leg; but this is probably an exaggeration.

The swan is something of a cosmopolitan. They are found in their wild state in the eastern parts of Europe and Asia and in North America. Their bills and feet are like those of ducks, the wings long and powerful, the tail short and rounded, eyes small and placed very near to the bill. Their snow-white plumage and long graceful necks make them the most beautiful of all our water-fowl. Their habits are most fastidiously neat, and they are always careful to keep themselves clean and free from dirt. As they glide slowly over the surface of a placid lake, they seem the embodiment of grace and purity and beauty. Though awkward in their movements on land, in flying they rise to a great height, and when alarmed or enraged they can swim faster than a man can walk. They are watchful when feeding, one of them always acting as a sentinel. They fly in an angle, each line in single file, the leading bird when he becomes weary retiring to the rear. In this way they perform long migrations.

The swan was well known to the ancients, and renowned by poets as a model of grace. VIRGIL speaks of

> "The swans that sail along the silver flood,
> And dive with stretching necks to search their food."

It was called the bird of love, and represented as attached to the car of Venus. Its flesh was also served with great pomp at the public feasts. According to some writers, it was the bird of the Muses, and by others it was spoken of as sacred to Apollo or Orpheus. The ancients ascribe to it great musical powers, which it was supposed to exercise particularly when its death approached. The same tradition runs through the East. MOORE, in his poems, speaks of the bird

> "Who sings at the last his own death lay,
> And in music and perfume dies away."

This melodious song is probably a fiction, however, or else the swans have lost the musical talents they once possessed. The notes they utter in flying are harsh and trumpet-like. The voice of the female has sometimes a low and plaintive sound as she hovers about her young, but little of music or variety. The sound of its wings at a distance is loud and rather harmonious. Its harsh scream may perhaps sound musical to the Icelanders and other Northern nations as the flocks arrive in the spring announcing the end of a dreary winter, but as far as Southern Europe is concerned, its song is a mere fable.

The swans with which we are most familiar are a handsome species, permanent residents in temperate climates, and easily domesticated. Swans, according to the laws of England, are birds royal. When they are found in a partially wild state on the sea and navigable rivers they are presumed to belong to the crown, and this is one of the prerogatives of the crown, though it may be delegated to a subject. The royal birds generally have a mark on them, and the king's swan herd once was an important person. A subject is not entitled to have a swan mark unless he has a qualification of land and a grant from the crown; but any person may have swans on his grounds in a tame state, and then he has property in them. Whoever steals or destroys swans' eggs forfeits five shillings for every egg, and whoever steals a marked swan of the crown or a tame swan commits felony. In Scotland there is some trace of the bird having once been treated with royal honors, but latterly they have been put in the same category with tame birds.

The swan is highly prized in all countries as an ornamental bird. The most beautiful are brought from Hamburg, and are generally what are called Polish swans, from the shores of the Baltic. Those first domesticated in our Central Park were a gift from Bremen to the city of New York. In the parks of Europe they have black swans, imported from Australia, that land of strange animals. This bird was once considered as apocryphal as the white crow, but it really has an existence, and is seen floating about on the ornamental lakes and ponds in Europe in company with its white fellows. It does not sing, however, and its dying note is said to resemble the creaking of a rusty sign in winter.

MICHELET, in the charming volume he has written upon birds, speaks of this beautiful water-fowl. "The swan is trained by man on account of her beauty and grace. These birds, formerly so common in Italy, and to which VIRGIL so constantly refers, are now very rarely seen there. In vain the traveler would seek for those snow-white flotillas which covered with their sails the waters of the Mincio, the marshes of Mantua; which mourned for Phaeton in despite of his sisters, or in their sublime flight, pursuing the stars with harmonious song, repeated to them the name of Varus. That song of which all antiquity speaks, is it a fable? These organs of singing which are so largely developed in the swan, were they always useless? Did they never disport themselves in happy freedom, when enjoying a more genial atmosphere, and spending the greater portions of the year in the mild climates of Greece and Italy? One might be tempted to believe it. The swan, driven back to the North, where his amours secure mystery and repose, has sacrificed his song, has gained the accent of barbarism, or become voiceless. The Muse is dead, the bird has survived."

THE LOVE THAT SERVED.

"A CHARMING head," said Mrs. Brabazon the other night to me at her kettle-drum. "What did you say was her maiden name?"

Hester was looking from her side of the table through the handle of the gigantic kettle of flowers, and nodding to me in that reaching, magnetic way that was a talisman of hers, and I thought, as I smiled back in return, that there was no blossom in that ridiculous floral monstrosity before us that had burst into such sudden bloom and sweetness.

"Boyce, ma'am," I replied—"an old family, a very old family."

"Yes, yes, I thought so," said poor silly Mrs. Brabazon. "I don't profess to be a physiognomist myself, but I can always tell birth when I see it."

"The old family of Adam," I repeated to myself, apologetically.

If I had told Mrs. Brabazon that Hester Boyce was the only child of a disreputable old janitor of ours at the hospital long ago, and that her early occupation was to make herself generally useful in the emergencies that arise in those places, and that the first time I was compelled to a sudden admiration of the lithe young creature's vigor and grace was when she lifted a pail of water discolored by the revolting necessities of the dissecting-room, and, poising it upon her head, walked off with it with far more celerity and safety than did sweet Kitty of Coleraine with her milking-pail—if I had told all this to Mrs. Brabazon, the feathers in her hair would have trembled with dismay, and the ice in her Sèvres china cup turned to ashes upon her lips.

The second time I was called upon to admire Hetty was at the bedside of my college chum, Seaton, when the virus in that scratch upon his arm came near ending his career, and thus depriving me of material for this scrap of history.

The limb, swollen to twice its size, hung discolored and helpless, save in the way of transmitting torture to the brain; and strong as I was, trembling for his life that hung in the balance, unable to bear the stifled cries of agony that burst from his lips, I escaped to the corridor for a brief moment to gain strength and composure.

As I went to the door the poor old fellow turned his wild eyes to me.

"Just one minute, Seaton," I said. "I can't bear it."

"Where is Hester?" he cried.

"Here," said Hetty, from the foot of the bed, without a tremor in her voice or the stir of one of those purple-black hairs upon her shapely head.

"You may go," said Seaton to me, with a sigh of relief.

Seaton fortunately pulled through, but it left a rankling fear in his heart, for he was well enough up in his profession to know that a thing of that kind is apt to crop out again when least suspected.

As soon as he was well Hester went back to the usual routine of duties about the hospital, and save a certain deference in Seaton's manner to her, and his declaring to me time and again that her capabilities for nursing were unbounded, the whole episode of his illness seemed to sink into oblivion.

Time went on, and Seaton and I decided to set up a little ménage together, and practice, each in his own branch of the profession. Having a suit of rooms up town, we fitted them up to suit the somewhat luxurious and æsthetic tastes we held in common for all that was pleasant to the eye and restful to the soul, not forgetting to make our consulting office bristle outwardly with the medical bric-à-brac supposed to impress our patients with a sense of awe and inferiority the moment they stepped over the threshold.

We immediately found that insurmountable stumbling-block that all housekeepers are subject to, the impossibility of procuring a capable person to keep our household goods in order, so that we might worship in comfort at the domestic shrine.

It began to be rather a dreary business, the continual change in faces and confusion in tongues distracting us to the verge of insanity. One week a rich Milesian brogue, the next the guttural solemnity of the Teuton, again a jaw-breaking Russian or Swede, and even our own deferential and devoted Ethiopian could not fill the emergency, or take from us a harrowing sense of responsibility.

We were at our wits' end, and had almost decided to hang out a red flag, when Seaton came in one day, flushed and exultant, declaring that all our troubles were at an end, and the *rara avis* was secured at last.

"It is the mercy of Providence to two despairing souls," said Seaton. "Old Boyce is at last dead and buried, and Hester has consented to come to us to-morrow."

"Why, where on earth—" I began.

"Now don't, Morgan," broke in Seaton—"don't bother me with questions. You don't suppose, do you, that I'd let Hetty and her father suffer, when she perhaps saved my life? I've kept sight of them all along. Boyce is dead of a disease that ought to have killed him long ago, and Hester is free to take a situation suitable to her abilities. We sha'n't have any more trouble, my boy—just lay that flattering unction to your soul. You know Hester?"

"I *did* know her—yes."

"Well, she's just the same, only no longer a child, of course, and in her case years add experience and innumerable virtues. Only to know that Hester is within call gives a sense of security and comfort that is a joy unspeakable."

I looked at Seaton rather dubiously. He had just doffed his dressing-gown, and was thrusting his right arm through his coat sleeve, when a sudden pallor shot over his face; he clinched his teeth, gulped down an exclamation, and, looking over, found my eyes resting upon him anxiously.

"Yes," he nodded, "the old trouble. This arm will play the deuce with me yet, Morgan."

Notwithstanding my sympathy with Seaton, I heaved a sigh of relief, for I understood now the peculiar exultation and open delight he had evinced in securing the services of Hester.

The next day she came. It was a relief to the eye as well as the pocket and the soul. This straight-featured, slender, shapely young woman, with a voice that Shakspeare would have delighted in, and the step of a disembodied ghost, seemed to fit in the very niche we had found it impossible to fill. A convenient peripatetic addition to our statuary, with no Pygmalion to create confusion; for Seaton really noticed the girl and seemed to appreciate her less than I did.

It was not in my nature to be perfectly oblivious to a presence so powerfully conducive to comfort, and I offered a hundred civilities to Hester to one of Seaton's, unless his constant demands upon her time might be considered in that light. He had always needed a great deal of waiting upon, and I had time and again rebelled against the position of valet to my confrère, only to find myself unconsciously filling the post within the next half hour.

So Hester aired his linen, and mended it too, sewed on his buttons, bought and arranged his ties in the prevailing fashion, made endless cigarettes for him to puff at leisure, had his slippers ready for him at the proper moment, the leaves of his *Lancet* nicely cut, and no Benedick, let him be whom he may, was better served than this bachelor.

We were certainly happy about that time—Hester, the doctor, and I—when Seaton took it into his head to go down to the sea-shore, turning his patients over to me in his absence. He hadn't been there a week when he mentioned the name of a remarkably beautiful widow, that had attracted his attention at the hotel, at least six times in as many sentences.

His letters began to lose that clear conciseness that usually characterized them, and he began to ramble on about the skies and the weather, and not content with telling me that it cleared up before morning, he put it in the way of "a tempest dying in the hollow of the night;" and when he went on to state that "the large white circle of the slow moon was lifted up among the barred clouds," and a "green halo kindled in the summit of the eastern hills," it was too much. I threw down the letter in disgust, and called out to Hester, who was dusting the books and pamphlets in her quiet way, that I was alarmed about Seaton, and thought something must be the matter.

The book fell from her hand heavily to the floor, and turning to her, I found her gray eyes kindling into a sort of terror. She clasped and unclasped her fingers, looking at me with an entreaty that forced the next words from me in spite of myself.

"Tut, Hester! calm yourself, child: nothing worse has happened to him than perhaps to fall in love."

She stood for a moment like one in a dream, a gray shadow falling over her features; then she turned and left the room without a word. I could not help feeling in the minutes that followed that she was lying somewhere prone upon the floor.

It occurred to me that had I been ground up in a machine, crushed under an engine, or fallen into a boiling vat, Hester could not have evinced more emotion, and I took good care to mention Seaton's name no more in her presence. But greatly to my vexation, I found that Hester lost strength and vigor as the days went by; a pitiable languor sapped her usual strong vitality, and although she uttered no word of complaint, I saw that an indefinable anguish poisoned every moment of her existence.

I began to wonder if this arrangement for our domestic comfort had not been injudicious for one of the parties, and resolved to mend matters upon Seaton's arrival.

Shortly after, when I reached home one night, I found Seaton already seated in his old easy-chair, his new number of the *Lancet* untouched upon the table, and a volume of Morris's poems lying idly upon his knees. He was puffing one of the endless cigarettes Hester had prepared in his absence, his head resting upon the cushioned back of his chair, his fine eyes half closed, and I could see that, for the first time in his life perhaps, he had yielded to the intoxication of a reverie. The next day, while delivering my lecture at the college, a little scrap of paper was thrust into my hand. It contained these words:

"Get back as quickly as you can, for God's sake! I'm afraid Hester is dying."

I cut the discourse short, and hastened home, to find Hester stretched upon the couch in the inner office, sinking from one swoon to another, the white marble of her skin covered with an icy sweat, her pulse almost imperceptible. Seaton was walking to and fro across the lower part of the room in a pitiable state of terror and perplexity, while a char-woman from next door was bathing Hester's forehead, and trying to force a stimulant between her pale and lifeless lips.

"The most remarkable thing!" said Seaton, as I reached him. "I merely asked Hester the most commonplace question in the world, and she dropped upon the floor like a stone."

"Was it in relation to your getting married?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, with an intonation of vexation and disappointment. "You see, Morgan, it would all depend upon Hester. I couldn't think of such a thing without her co-operation and assistance. If any thing should happen to Hester, all idea of that kind would have to be abandoned. What do you think about her, Morgan? What is the matter? Can any thing be done?"

"The only hope we have, Seaton," I said, firmly and impressively, "is for you to go over there and take that char-woman's place, stoop down to Hester's ear, take her hands in your own, and tell her, as you have told me, that your whole future depends upon her life."

Seaton looked at me in dumb amazement.

"In fifteen minutes it will be too late," I continued. "Your voice and your hand she can barely recognize now."

Then Seaton went quickly over, and the char-woman was thrust away. Hester's death-stricken face, the rigidity of the muscles causing it already to look strange and unfamiliar, cut him to the core. He remembered all that he would lose with the life that was rapidly leaving it, and sinking upon his knees, a few strong words burst from his lips.

"Hetty," he cried, his strong breath close to her fainting lips, his hot throbbing hands grasping her cold and lifeless fingers, the curling ends of his long hair falling upon her forehead—"Hetty, live, live, for my sake! think what it will be for me to lose you!"

And the experiment was a successful one. Hester was brought back from the confines of eternity. The touch of his breath upon her lips, his hair upon her forehead, his hands upon her arm, was like a galvanic shock that set that pumping machinery at work again about her heart. A tremor shook her frame, her eyelids trembled, then lifted themselves slowly—a long shuddering sigh escaped her lips.

"She is better," stammered Seaton, getting upon his feet. "She will live."

"Perhaps!" I said, laconically.

Ten minutes later Hester had fallen into a natural sleep, the only salvation reserved for her. The strong tension upon her nerves had yielded at last; her breath fell gently and evenly as that of a child; a sweet, grateful expression seemed to curve her lips into a half smile. As I looked upon her my heart melted within me, and I walked with quite determined strides into the room where sat Seaton, his handsome head already back again upon the cushion of his chair.

"It's all right now, isn't it?" he said, anxiously, as I entered. "A singular case of sudden prostration. She must be taken care of, Morgan. We must have some one to take all responsibility for the present off her mind. Great Heaven! what a fearful thing it would have been! It would have changed my whole future, Morgan. I never should have dared to marry. The generality of women are not suited to a sick-room—rather a detriment than otherwise—and you know it's always on the cards that this arm of mine may play the deuce with me; and it's impossible to say what terrible phase the disease may take if it should terminate fatally. The spinal column sometimes forms a complete bow."

Seaton turned pale, and shuddered.

"You see," he continued, "I couldn't trust a wife in a case of that kind unless Hester was close at hand. It would be impossible."

Seaton got upon his feet, and paced nervously to and fro.

"There was nothing serious, then," I said, "occurred between yourself and the lady at the sea-shore?"

"No, no; of course not. It depended altogether upon Hester. A slight, delicate, fussy little creature, like the foam on the top of a wave; beautiful, but unreliable, given over to folly and fashion. No, no; it was only a dream of mine. This illness of Hester's has left no room for any thing but anxiety. I shall give up every thing else for the present."

"I think I would," I said, "if it depends upon Hester; for if there is no feeling upon your part to arrest such a proceeding, there is sufficient upon hers. The first moment of your married life would be her last. Hester has one of those strong natures that snap when the tension is too severe."

"I don't understand you," said Seaton.

"I must believe you," I cried, driven to desparation; "but it is almost beyond credence that you should be unconscious that the poor girl within there has conceived a fatal infatuation for you."

"Hester!" cried Seaton, with an indefinable intonation of amazement, of denial, of unbelief.

"If you were not the coldest egotist the world ever saw," I said, "you'd have seen it long ago."

A flame shot into Seaton's eye.

"The mere possibility of your marriage was like a cannon-ball to her," I continued; "and she was only galvanized back to life by one exceedingly strong feeling you have for Hester, a vivid reflection of your only absorbing passion—a love for yourself!"

"Enough, Morgan," cried Seaton, angrily confronting me. "I'd like to be alone, if you please."

Three hours later I had finished my round of calls, and Seaton met me at the door. His face looked new to me somehow, with a peculiar

warmth and feeling; the hand he held out to me was eager and trembling.

"She is awake," he said, as if there was but one woman in the world, "but alarmingly weak; her pulse is very low. I fear for the result, Morgan. What would you do? Tell me, in the name of Heaven! Do you think as strong a tonic as love would be good for her, or would such a revelation kill her outright?"

I went in to the couch where Hester lay. She scarcely noticed my approach, but trembled perceptibly at the step of Seaton. A long sigh escaped her lips; a few tears forced themselves from under her closed lids and hung upon her long eyelashes; a relaxation of every muscle was visible; an alarming languor had followed her sleep.

I stood for a moment irresolute, then motioned to the tall dark figure of Seaton.

"Tell her," I said; "it may save her. And may God bless you, Seaton, for your promptness! A little dallying, and all would have been lost."

I went out softly and reverently. The fact was, I was fond of the child myself. Presently Seaton came out to me again.

"Go to her, Morgan," he said, in a voice husky with emotion. "It appears you are to be the arbiter of our fate."

The poor child stretched out her hands to me from the couch.

"What shall I do?" she faltered.

"Marry him, Hetty," I said, promptly, "for all our sakes. Hasn't he said that he can't do without you?"

"But—but the other one?" she whispered.

"Tut, child; he refuses to think of her without you, and it is against the law to have two wives."

"He tells me I am necessary to him," she said, faintly—"that life would be worthless to him without me. How can I believe that?"

"Because he has told you, Hetty. Can you die for him and not believe him?"

Hetty sank back upon her pillow, and lifted my hand to her lips.

"I can't understand it," she said.

"Don't try, Hetty," I replied. "Can we understand always the highest or the best? Accept it, child; that is all that is needful."

Then I left the room without another word. And as I said before, Hetty was at Mrs. Brabazon's kettle-drum the other night, the sweetest and brightest blossom there.

"To think," said Seaton to me, in supreme exultation, "that Hetty is mine now for once and all, 'for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health.' Those lines in the marriage service are beautiful to me, Morgan."

"Naturally," I growled, but was glad to remember that, however it came about, Hetty had scrambled into happiness.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR SHALER has published a memoir upon the "Antiquity of the Caverns and Cavern Life of the Ohio Valley," in which he endeavors to show the period at which the animal life, so characteristic of Western caverns, received its first expression. He sums up his researches in the following propositions: 1. The extensive development of caverns in the Ohio Valley is probably a comparatively recent phenomenon, not dating further back than the latest tertiary period. 2. It is doubtful whether there has been any extensive development of cavern life in this region before these caverns of the subcarboniferous limestone began to be excavated. 3. The general character of this cavern life points to the conclusion that it has been derived from the present fauna. 4. The glacial period, though it did not extend the ice sheet over this cavern region, must have so profoundly affected the climatal conditions that the external life could not have held its place here in the shape we now find it, but must have been replaced by some arctic assemblage of species. Under the circumstances it is reasonable to suppose that most if not all the species found in these caves have been introduced since the glacial period. 5. We are also warranted by the facts in supposing that there is a continued infusion of "new blood" from the outer species taking place, some of the forms showing the stages of a continual transition from the outer to the inner form.

The United States Fish Commission proposes to make an exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 of the resources of the United States as derived from its waters, whether seacoast or interior.

The display will probably constitute three principal sections: first, the apparatus by which the products of the waters are secured, manufactured, and utilized; second, specimens of the various species, either alive or preserved in the usual manner, whether dried or preserved in alcohol, or represented in casts of plaster or other material, suitably colored from nature; third, the derivatives from these species, whether in the form of prepared food, skins or hides, scales, oils, fertilizers, and whatever useful products can be brought together.

The very great appreciation by the public of the summer school of zoology established at Penikese a few years ago by Professor AGASSIZ has induced the faculty of Harvard College to arrange for similar schools for other branches of scientific instruction; and we have before us the announcement of four several courses, to be superintended by eminent specialists. The first of these is of chemistry, under Professor J. P. COOK, to be held at Cambridge. The second is a course in phenogamic botany, to be given in the Botanical Laboratory at Cambridge, by Professor GOODALE. The Botanical Garden and Herbarium will furnish material for instruction in structural and systematic botany. All necessary appliances, including dissecting and compound microscopes, will be furnished by the instructor.

The third course is that of cryptogamic botany, under Professor W. G. FARLOW, who has made this department a specialty, having spent several years with Professor DE BARY, of Strasburg, in the prosecution of this study. This course will be held at some point on the seashore, possibly Provincetown or other suitable locality, and in this respect will correspond to the plan of the summer school of zoology at Penikese. Twelve lectures will be devoted to the algæ and six to the fungi. A laboratory will be established, and excursions will be made throughout the course by the students in company with Professor FARLOW.

The fourth course is that of geology, which will be prosecuted in a camp near the Cumberland Gap, in Kentucky, under the direction of Professor N. S. SHALER, who is at once a professor at Harvard College and director of the Kentucky Geological Survey.

The fees for these several courses are fixed at $25, with the exception of the last-mentioned, which will be $50. We presume that the opportunities thus offered for first-class instruction will be eagerly embraced.

The Academy of Sciences of St. Louis, after something of an intermission, has resumed the publication of its Transactions, the second part of Volume III. having just made its appearance. This contains some important papers, among which may be mentioned a number by Professor RILEY, the well-known State Entomologist of Missouri, upon subjects of entomological and botanical interest. Dr. ENGELMANN publishes a second part of the notes on the genus Yucca; Mr. GAGE gives a paper on certain Indian mounds; Mr. SCHMIDT one on the formation and origin of the lead and zinc deposits of Southwest Missouri; Mr. BRODHEAD, State Geologist of Missouri, upon the well at the Insane Asylum in St. Louis County, and on the occurrence of bitumen in Missouri. Other papers are by Mr. SAWYER, on climatic change in Illinois; by Mr. HAYES, on earthquakes in 1872 and 1873; and by Mr. MARCOU, on certain fossils.

Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, after a short respite from the labors of his Spitzbergen expedition, expects to start from Tromsöe in the beginning of June upon an expedition to Nova Zembla, accompanied by Messrs. KJELMAN and LUNDSTRÖM as botanists, and Herr STUXBERG as zoologist. The party will remain for some time on the southern point of Nova Zembla, and then push on up the west coast to its northernmost point, which they expect to reach by the middle of August. The expedition will then divide, a part sailing northeast to survey this wholly unknown portion of the polar basin, and the others will go southward to the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei—a district of peculiar interest to geologists as the richest in the world in mammoth remains.

Professor NORDENSKJÖLD will endeavor to go up one of these rivers in a boat and return overland through Russia. The expedition is fitted out at the expense of a Swedish merchant, Herr OSKAR DICKSON.

In working over the refuse of the ancient silver mines of Laurium, in Greece, for the purpose of extracting the remaining percentage of metal, a considerable amount of soil has been uncovered, in which has appeared over a tract of 50,000 square metres a luxuriant growth of *Glaucium*, which is characterized as a new species under the name of *G. serpieri*, and unknown elsewhere at the present time. It would appear from the indications that the seeds of this plant must have remained alive during the interval of 1500 or 2000 years which have elapsed since the mines were last worked.

Sir GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY, a gentleman well known for his mechanical attainments, died in March last, in Cornwall, at the age of eighty-two. For many years past he had charge of the ventilating and lighting arrangements of the Houses of Parliament. He was the inventor of what is known as the Bude light; and he also devised many important arrangements for ventilating fiery coal-pits, and extinguishing fires in them by the use of the steam jet.

Of all the states of South America, Peru appears to be most favored in regard to her financial condition, possessing as she does immense beds of guano, wholly controlled by the government, which furnish an ample revenue for all purposes. We chronicled not long since the discovery of new beds of this important manure, and we now learn that still later discoveries have been made of guano a few leagues to the south of Iquique, which contain at least 20,000,000 tons of the fertilizer. Still other beds have also been found in the Bay of Independence, a few miles south of Pisco, the two together probably adding 25,000,000 tons of this substance to the treasury of Peru.

The quality of the new guano is said by Professor RAIMONDI to be excellent, although not containing quite as much ammonia as that formerly obtained from the Chincha Islands.

It is stated that the Khedive of Egypt has authorized the establishment, under the direction of Dr. SCHWEINFURTH, of a geographical society for Egypt, to serve as an agency for the encouragement and prosecution of explorations in the southern part of the Egyptian territory.

Captain MORESBY has brought to the notice of the Royal Geographical Society a new route between Australia and China, which lies to the west instead of the east of the Louisiade Archipelago, and is shorter than the present line of communication by 300 miles.

HERWIG has been continuing the inquiry previously instituted as to whether the thermal conductivity of mercury varies with the temperature—a question of much moment in connection with the reliability of the indications of the mercurial thermometer at different temperatures. He finds that between 40° and 160° C. the heat-conducting power of pure mercury is perfectly constant. He is now occupied in a series of experiments to show how far solid metals differ in their behavior from mercury.

For some time past negotiations have been in progress between Professor CHARLES F. HART, of Cornell University, and the government of Brazil, in regard to a complete geological survey of that empire. It is now stated that the preliminaries have been completed, and that Professor HART has been appointed director of the survey. His qualifications for this work are very high, as he has made no less than four successive visits to Brazil with reference to the study of its general geology and ethnology. His salary is said to have been fixed at $10,000 a year. It is also announced that Professor CALDWELL, another member of the faculty of Cornell University, has been appointed to take charge of the agricultural branch of the survey.

The very great extent to which the various insect powders now before the world are used for the destruction of noxious insects is well understood at the present time, the apparent quackery of the recommendations of the insect powders being now well substantiated by abundant experience. Although insect powders have been in use from time immemorial in China, Tartary, Thibet, etc., especially in enabling the herdsmen of the steppes to exist in the presence of the countless myriads of gnats and mosquitoes (for which purpose the substance is burned inside of the tent), it was not until 1846 that ZACHERL, a Tiflis merchant, first introduced its sale into Vienna, under the name of "Persian Insect Powder." This was originally derived from two substances, the *Pyrethrum carneum* and *P. roseum*, both growing wild in the Caucasus, and largely cultivated there. Since that time the manufacture of insect powder in Europe has increased wonderfully, and it has been introduced into America, while the calls for it have been too great for the supply.

Quite recently a second variety of insect powder has been introduced, under the name of Dalmatian Insect Powder, derived from the flowers of the *Pyrethrum cinerariæfolium*, a plant growing wild in Dalmatia, but whose cultivation is rapidly spreading. This is thought to be decidedly more powerful in its action, more persistent, than the other kind, and justifies the higher commercial value. The discoid flowers of the plant are more powerful generally than the radiate; and as the former are larger, the greater activity of the Dalmatian flowers is due to the larger extent of the discoid portion in the Dalmatian plants. It is only after the flowers of the *Pyrethrum* are dried that their insecticide virtues are well developed. When fresh they exercise a slight action, but far inferior to that of the powder. It is said that in Vienna the druggists have on sale the dried flowers entire, as they are considered more effective and less liable to adulteration.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE poor little Emperor of China—a child three or four years old—is the supposed author of s[illegible] remarkable documents. According to Chinese etiquette, he is believed to have been in a state of profound grief in consequence of the death of his predecessor. The real fact, however, is that he has been taken from his mother, carried to the imperial palace, and the empress-mother and empress-dowager have been teaching him to regard them in the place of his maternal parent, and the little fellow stoutly rebels, with many tears. Nevertheless he is technically the new emperor, and is required by custom to mourn laboriously for the previous occupant of the throne. In China all citizens are expected to wear mourning clothes for twenty-seven days after the announcement of the death of an emperor, for one hundred days all Chinamen must go unshaven, and for the same time there are no musical or theatrical performances in the kingdom. Moreover, there must be no marriages among the people for a month, and none among public officers for a year. These rules and many others are rigorously enforced among public officials, but less so among the common people. The new emperor, however, is supposed by Chinese etiquette to wear mourning for twenty-seven months. But there is also another custom which permits the princes of his court to importune him to lay aside the mourning; and after a series of petitions he yields to their request. And here come in the remarkable documents to which we have referred. The Pekin *Gazette* prints them in detail. In reply to a memorial received by the emperor, entreating him not to mourn so long and so profoundly, he declares that "his grief and gratitude are so great that he can not bring himself to abate the period of three years' mourning imposed by the ancient ritual." So in a few days afterward he receives a second petition from his subjects, which, with some ancestral precedents which he has discovered, moves him to reduce his term of mourning. Finally he is importuned a third time, when he kindly consents to restrict his mourning to the time observed by the officers of the empire. All these replies are stately documents popularly regarded—by etiquette—as written by this baby emperor.

At the Lexington Centennial celebration an interesting event was the presence of Sarah Smith Stafford, only surviving daughter of Lieutenant James Bayard Stafford, and now seventy-three years old. She went from Trenton, New Jersey, in response to a special invitation from the committee, and carried with her various relics selected from a large collection in her possession. Among these were two cannon-balls picked up at Lexington April 20, 1775; one cannon-ball and one shell from Bunker Hill; an English "Tower" musket, one of the trophies of the engagement between Paul Jones's frigate, *Bon Homme Richard*, and the English frigate *Serapis*, September 23, 1779; a grape-shot picked up at Lexington April 20, 1775; and the flag of the *Bon Homme Richard*, shot away in an engagement, and subsequently presented to Lieutenant Stafford, father of the lady, for his bravery in leaping into the sea and saving the relic. Also a Turkish sword carried on the 19th of April, 1775, by Lieutenant John Bacon, who was killed on the afternoon of that day in the engagement between the king's forces and the provincials at Menotomy Point.

In Florence there are about one hundred and sixty painters, of whom only three are Americans, the majority being Italians. Among the ninety sculptors of that city, however, there are ten or a dozen Americans.

The present spring is said to be the best one known for years for the seal fishery on the Newfoundland coast. Recently the steamer *Proteus* arrived at St. John's with 45,000 seals, the largest number ever brought by one vessel.

Amherst College was under the *spell* lately for two evenings. Representative students of the four classes exhibited their skill. The first night there were two matches, the Seniors beating the Juniors, and the Sophomores the Freshmen. The second evening the trial was between the Seniors and the "Sophs," resulting in the triumph of the former. A. D. F. Hamlin, son of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Constantinople, was the champion spellist.

The inventor of the life-saving dress recently so successfully tested by Captain Paul Boynton is Mr. C. S. Merriman, of New York city. It is of solid vulcanized rubber, made in two parts—a tunic with hood and gloves attached, and pantaloons with boots attached. The dress is secured by a water-tight joint at the waist, and only the eyes, mouth, and nose are exposed. It is inflated by means of five small tubes, which can be reached conveniently. When the upper chamber is inflated it makes a complete air pillow, upon which the head can rest. The wearer is kept dry and comfortable. Swimming is impossible; but he lies easily upon his back, and propels himself in any direction by means of a double-bladed paddle. A small India rubber bag contains provisions and a few needful articles.

A subterranean chapel of the famous Milan Cathedral contains the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, who died two hundred years ago. He was a cardinal, Bishop of Milan, and for his virtues was canonized. His remains are incased in a rich coffin of silver, and within are many rare and costly gems, among which is a gold cross containing seven large emeralds incrusted in diamonds. This ornament alone is worth $100,000. The ceiling of the chapel is covered with bass-reliefs in solid silver representing events in the saint's life.

A correspondent of the *Home Journal* speaks of having seen a portrait of George Eliot, which is in the possession of her Scotch publishers, and occupies a place in their private office with portraits of other noted authors. It is of life size, and represents an intellectually strong woman, almost masculine in strength—a strangely sad expression on the countenance.

At the Methodist Conference at Springfield, Massachusetts, it was recommended that parishes provide libraries of standard works of reference, thus relieving pastors of the expense of buying and removing such books themselves. This suggestion might well be adopted by parishes of all denominations.

At a spelling match in Brooklyn a young lawyer spelled the word "mortgageor" omitting the "e," and was requested to resign his place. It is a curious circumstance in regard to this word that while both Webster and Worcester say that "mortgagor" is an orthography which should not be countenanced, lawyers in general use that spelling, and modern law-books may be searched in vain for "mortgageor."

Koya-Inmasamora, King of the Cannibal Islands, died in Paris the other day. Since he was turned out of his Polynesian home some years ago he had gradually become civilized by the process of exhibiting himself. Whether he had wholly conquered his peculiar tastes as to eating is not recorded.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* gives directions how to prevent currant bushes from being destroyed by worms. The eggs are deposited on the under side of a tender leaf about the time the suckers of the currant bush are a foot high. When the eggs begin to hatch, the young feed on the juice of the leaf until they can crawl. Then they drop down and scatter. Soon after the egg is deposited the leaf will turn a purple-reddish color. Such leaves should be plucked as fast as they appear, and hundreds of little creatures will be found. The microscope reveals them plainly. The leaves should be cut so carefully that none of the destructive insects be scattered.

Reports from California indicate that the grape crop has suffered severely from late frosts, and that other fruits have also been injured.

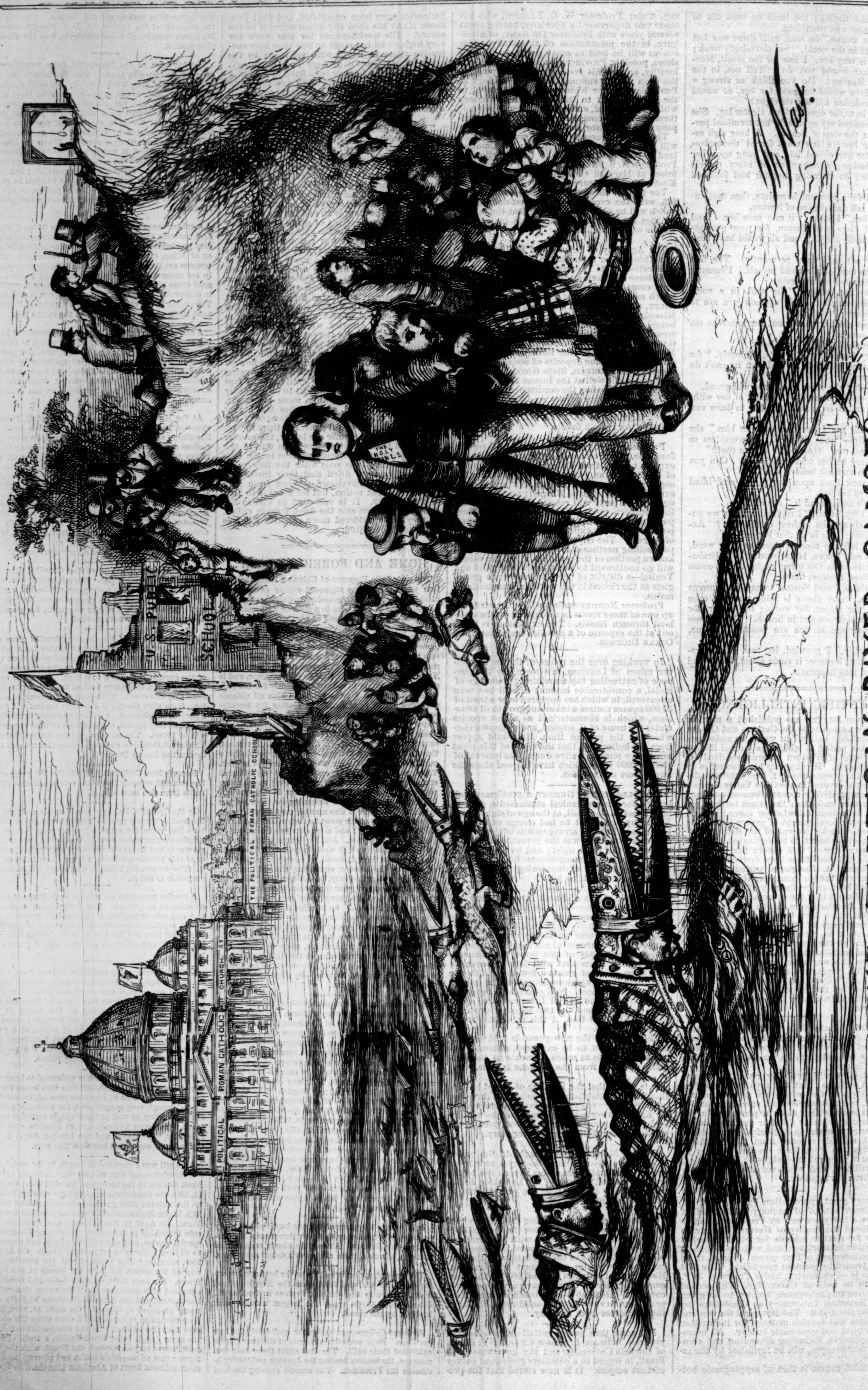
In the Garbarini Palace of San Remo is a picture by Raphael, originally painted for the Duchess of Urbino, who had given the artist, when a young man, some helpful recommendations. When the Empress of Russia was at San Remo she sent her secretary to the owner of this painting, offering a large sum of money for it. The owner, Dr. Peirano, would not listen to any proposals to sell it.

A marine aquarium on a large scale is about to be constructed in London. The design includes a summer and winter garden, a concert-hall, refreshment-rooms, reading-rooms, etc. The aquarium proper is to be 600 feet long and 240 feet wide, the largest tank being capable of holding no less than 600,000 gallons of water.

In St. Petersburg the buildings exempt from taxation are as follows: the imperial palaces, state buildings, and educational and charitable establishments, but the lodgings of those who serve in them are liable; the buildings belonging to the clergy of all creeds, provided they produce no revenue; those of railway companies, the property of which, at a fixed date, returns to the state; municipal buildings; and any property possessed by individuals the revenue from which does not exceed ninety rubles.

The new Paris Opera-house is estimated to have cost something like $20,000,000, half this sum being for the ground. This seems an immense amount, considering that, although very magnificent, the audience portion of the building, as well as the stage, is regarded as too small. The new Opera-house at Moscow cost only $1,500,000, it is stated, and the London Royal Italian Opera-house somewhat less than that sum.

As April was a memorable month in the opening of the Revolutionary war, so also were the early days of April marked in the history of the civil war. On April 12, 1861, the Confederates opened fire on Fort Sumter, on the 13th the little garrison surrendered, and on the 14th Major Anderson and his men embarked for New York. On April 15, the following day, President Lincoln issued his proclamation summoning Congress in special session, calling for 75,000 militia, and appealing to all loyal citizens to support the Union. On April 3, 1865, after four long years of war, the long-besieged city of Richmond fell into the hands of the Union forces. Six days later, on April 9, General Grant telegraphed to Washington the tidings that General Lee had surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia upon terms proposed by himself. On April 14, 1865, Major Anderson, then General, raised once more the old flag over the ruins of Fort Sumter; and on the evening of the same day, it being Good-Friday, a thrill of indignant horror spread through the North with the intelligence that an assassin's bullet had pierced the warm, magnanimous heart of Abraham Lincoln.



THE AMERICAN RIVER GANGES.

[SEE ARTICLE, "THE COMMON SCHOOLS AND THEIR FOES," PAGE 385.]

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NO CHURCH NEED APPLY.

LITTLE JONATHAN. "Miss Columbia will not try your teaching, as it has proved to be so injurious in Dame Europa's school that our adopted children who left her don't care to learn under that system again."

THE INFALLIBLE ONE. "Oh, you Godless, infidel vipers, I'll be revenged on you, for I keep the keys of heaven!"

......"Moreover—and here is a consideration which the people of this country must face sooner or later, and they may as well begin to face it now—the education given or superintended by Catholic priests is a bad education; indeed, for political purposes, worse than none. It unfits children for the citizenship of free states. If extended widely enough it would ruin this Government. It has been tried for ages in various countries, and has in all worked unutterable mischief, and destroyed the sources of national greatness by killing the sincerity, the truthfulness, the courage and high-mindedness, on which national greatness is based. The thoughtful and patriotic men of all Catholic countries are to-day getting rid of it as a national curse. And it would be an astounding spectacle if, after the priests had been excluded from the work of public instruction in France, Spain, Italy, and Bavaria, they were to be allowed to carry it on here with taxes voted by American citizens. Compromise with these men has, in short, never succeeded, and never will. The only thing that does succeed with them is their rigorous subjection to the common law."—*The Nation*, April 1, 1875.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR FOES.

THE close identification of the Republican party with the cause of education will give it a higher claim to the esteem of posterity than many of its more conspicuous achievements. If we ask, with CICERO, what men will say of us six hundred years from to-day, we may confidently claim that they can not class us among the enemies of knowledge; and the hundred millions of freemen who within the shelter of the Union a century hence may look back on the deeds of their ancestors must admit that wherever our Republican leaders have had the power they have planted the free school and advanced the growth of the popular mind. The most remarkable event in modern intellectual history is the sudden opening of the whole Southern section of our country to the light of knowledge. The fall of Richmond laid plain the path of the common school. Every Southern State was invaded by the Republican army of education. The population, of all colors and shades, were invited to drink at the wells of pure literature and science. The common-school system was established from the Potomac to the farthest bounds of Texas, and every Republican State government at the South set itself earnestly to amend the terrible results of a century of slavery.

How unhappily a Democratic reaction set in, how a fierce and unscrupulous minority have gained the control of many of the Southern States, have overturned the rising system of common schools, have resolutely thrown back the poorer classes of the whites and nearly all the colored population into a new barbarism in Georgia or Texas, history will relate hereafter to the discredit of all who have lent even a faint countenance to the cruel usurpers. Yet it will also observe that the Republican movement has not been without its lasting effect, and that even Georgia and Texas will never be permitted to banish wholly again the idea of popular education. Their people have become conscious that the common school is the source of ease, comfort, wealth; that it doubles the value of their lands, builds towns, factories, railroads; and hence all over the South there is a plain advance toward a new condition of society. Kentucky has made great progress in establishing common schools, and has begun a vigorous crusade against political disorders. Even a Democratic Legislature has been forced to adopt Republican principles. It ventures to arrest and punish the Ku-Klux. Murder is becoming less common in Ken-

tucky. Under the influence of active teaching the coarser traits of barbarism are disappearing, and with every advance in knowledge land rises in value and population increases. Even Tennessee is passing through a similar course. Intelligence, and with it good order, have made some progress under a Democratic and reactionary rule, and the people are wiser than their politicians. Virginia, too, can boast of a remarkable growth under the guidance of Republican ideas. Her poorer classes are already seeking knowledge, her school system is enlarging, and violence and murder disappear from its path; her only danger lies in her Democratic oligarchy; while far away in Texas, where the wild Confederates seemed to have overthrown the common schools altogether at the first moment of their return to power, there is still apparent a lingering desire to revive the Republican institution in all its excellence. The friends of knowledge are already beginning to urge the restoration of the schools. And what is not the least memorable of the victories of peace, the Texan press is now as ready to denounce the violence and lawlessness of its own people as was *Harper's Weekly* some months ago. In fact, the papers that once assailed us with the loudest abuse because we urged upon Texas and the whole South the necessity of repressing violence and cultivating knowledge are now calling for more stringent laws to secure life and property. And the Memphis *Appeal* encourages the Texans in their new projects of education. It seems that Republican ideas have conquered their foes, and still survive amidst the pure tyrannies that have been forced by a violent minority upon several of the Southern States. For it is scarcely possible to call the governments of Texas or Georgia, in the constitutional sense, republican.

But while the common-school system has made no ineffective struggle against the reactionary oligarchy at the South, in the North, the East, and West it has grown with magnificent strides, until it stretches its golden links from ocean to ocean, and holds in its embrace the destinies of freedom. Here, indeed, its enemies are equally active. A foreign Pope has decreed its destruction; ultramontane bishops and priests, Democratic politicians, and a foreign sect would slowly sap its firm foundations; Liberal Republicans are sometimes willing to sacrifice its chief defenses. A fierce struggle has begun on the part of its foes to insure its overthrow. Yet all over the land the friends of knowledge are rising in its defense, and in almost every town and city the Republican press has shown itself the uncompromising defender of the American system of education. Nor could it well do otherwise. The newspaper is the natural fruit of the common school, and the general excellence of the American journals, even amidst the shadows of the distant wilderness and on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, is due in great part to the intelligence of the people, and the host of readers that have sprung up under the wide influence of the public teachers. Our country has become a land of newspapers, because our general education has made them necessary. But had we possessed only denominational schools, like those of Ireland, which Mr. Playfair recently stated in Parliament had in some Roman Catholic counties left more than half the people unable to read and write, or parochial schools like those which Bishops M'Quaid and Ryan would force upon us, we could have had no newspapers where there were no readers, and our public intelligence would have scarcely risen above the level of the peasants of Brittany or the kerns of Tipperary. The recent efforts of the ultramontanes to destroy our public schools by force or fraud in all parts of the country have drawn forth a general cry of indignation from the Republican press. In New Mexico the *Daily New Mexican*, of Albuquerque, raises a note of alarm against the intrigues of the Jesuits, who are laboring to make the public schools of the Territory sectarian. At Yuma, in Arizona, the *Arizona Sentinel* exclaims with force and elegance against the appropriation of the public money by the Legislature to sectarian purposes as a violation of the principles of republicanism. At Des Moines recently, when an Episcopal clergyman assailed the common schools from his pulpit, a part of his congregation rose and left the church, in protest against religious bigotry. The St. Louis *Democrat* denounces the recent attempt of the Confederate Legislature of Missouri to make the free schools sectarian as a measure which could be introduced into none but a Democratic Assembly, and the St. Louis *Globe* styles the project "stupid and malicious." In Ohio the Roman Catholics have defeated the compulsory education law, and won the general hostility of the free press. Bishops M'Quaid and Ryan, who in the western part of our State have allied themselves with the corrupt Democracy, and plot the ruin of education, have received no gentle treatment from the editor and the compositor, nor does a single newspaper apparently venture to appear in their defense. And when an unlucky Jesuit in New York happened to express more openly than usual the hostility of his extreme faction for American education, nearly the whole secular press joined in a loud though somewhat tardy denial of his calumnies, and a hearty burst of admiration for that fair and stately fabric of knowledge which has grown up in the shelter of freedom.

Despairing of the result of an open conflict, our extreme faction among the Roman Catholics now propose to win by artifice what even their Democratic leaders fear to give them openly, and a vicar-general of the Pope modestly offers to unite fifty parochial schools and their thirty thousand children to the common-school system of New York, apparently on such conditions as may leave them still papal and sectarian. Why these schools were ever established no one can tell. They were never needed; the public schools offer ample room for all the children of the city; they have been long embarrassed and deprived of their proper attendance by the active hostility of the priests and teachers of the parochial schools; and that any alliance can now be formed between the two systems is an extravagant assumption that only a foreign priest could entertain. No patriotic American of any race or creed will suffer his own honest and necessary principle of unsectarian education to be tainted by any dangerous compromise, or will be seduced by the casuistry of the papal vicar to yield one step to the intrusion of bigotry and priestly exclusiveness; and if the Roman Catholics wish to have their children educated at the public expense, they need only close their own establishments, dispose of their properties, and make use of the same schools with which all other sects and classes among us are content. But one well-known circumstance makes the proposition of the vicar still more remarkable. Nearly twenty of these Roman Catholic schools were founded by Tweed and his allies at the cost of the city, and by what must seem a plain fraud upon the public Treasury. The papal priests in 1869 demanded a separate endowment for their schools, and seized upon the moment when their friends were in possession of almost unlimited power to begin their attack upon the common-school system by the establishment of a rival method of education, which, had Tweed and Sweeny escaped detection much longer, must have destroyed the common schools altogether. They shared in the Ring frauds, and were enriched from its plunder. Do they now mean to make restitution of their illegal gains? Is it credible that our Board of Education, which has long been suspected of a close alliance with the enemies of the unsectarian schools, will venture to countenance this fraudulent transaction? No honest official, indeed, can touch these illegally established institutions without sharing in the dishonesty that marked their foundation, and approving of one of the worst acts of the fallen Ring.

In the recent case of the Roman Catholic Protectory the overbearing spirit of the ultramontanes was shown even more plainly. They demanded from the New York Assembly a donation of, at first, $100,000, and then $50,000, for this sectarian institution; and when it was refused, in their resentment defeated their own Supply Bill. The Protectory was one of the favorite objects of the liberality of the Ring. It has been enriched by enormous gifts from the public treasury. In some years the payments awarded to it by Tweed, Hall, and Sweeny amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. No institution was ever more richly endowed by dishonest rulers and an avaricious priesthood. Yet the Democratic members from New York now demand for it an illegal subsidy which the constitution expressly forbids, and show their contempt for law and authority by persisting in their claim. One might suppose that such conduct would soon drive all honest Democrats from their party; but unhappily the Democratic politicians have long been willing to sacrifice almost every American impulse and sympathy to their ultramontane allies.

Upon the question of education the Republican party has never wavered in its plain and honest course. It has allied itself forever with the common schools. It permits no sect to interfere with education. It demands one common training for all the people. We have been accused of bigotry because we have never ceased to oppose the labor of a foreign sect to change and debase the whole nature of American education, because we have pointed out clearly the fraudulent dealings of its priests, the gross immorality of its politicians, the fatal evils political Romanism threatens to the republic. Yet we have done this from no hostility to any sect or creed, and have only desired to repel the approach of European barbarism. A mortal combat has already begun in our midst between ignorance and knowledge, the powers of evil and the powers of light. It rages in Arizona and New Mexico, in St. Louis and New York. The ultramontane and proslavery Democracy in Connecticut or Louisiana are aiming their open or secret blows at the common schools. In one corner of the Union they whip teachers, in another betray them into the power of the foreign priest. In this contest there can be no neutrality and no compromise. The Democratic party has allied itself to the enemies of knowledge, to European instincts and impulses. Freedom is assailed in her vital interest, and the fate of the public teachers will hang upon our future elections. Shall any man be permitted to hold office among us hereafter who is not the open and resolute friend of American education?

For such is the dangerous form in which political Romanism has appeared among us that the time is nearly passed when it can be resisted with a hope of perfect success. It has come to us sometimes with menaces, but more often with fraud and secret guile. It has fastened its chains upon the whole Democratic party. In Poughkeepsie it has deluded an unsuspecting community into supporting a school of priests and nuns. It has introduced into the New York Legislature a new project to endow the seminaries of St. Vincent de Paul, and to open papal chapels in every prison and almshouse. In Ohio it threatens with political ruin every Democrat who disobeys its rule; in New York it silently holds in check Governor and Assembly. It fastens upon men eminent in politics, education, letters, covers them with its caresses, touches their vanity, and clouds their moral sense. It penetrates the church, it seduces the press.

It is the most formidable political society ever organized; and even Tammany Hall has sunk at last into a docile instrument of that world-wide club which has its perpetual sessions in the Vatican. It is against this power that Republican educators must in future forever contend—a power which a hundred years ago would have assigned Adams, Hancock, or Washington to a prison or a grave, and which to-day is resolved to corrupt and destroy the foundations of American progress. The only safe policy for Americans, in treating with political Romanism, is to oppose it openly and honestly; the only sure defense we have against it is to vote it down.

Eugene Lawrence.

AMERICAN HOTEL LUXURY.

The immense Palace Hotel in San Francisco will be one of the first hotels ever provided in its table-furniture with hard-metal electro-plate; that is, nickel covered with pure silver. The invariable practice has been (with one or two recent exceptions) to furnish our most sumptuous hotels with the cheaper plated Britannia-ware in common use, but which, in the end, is the least economical. The amount of electro-plated ware for which proposals were invited by the Palace Hotel was between $50,000 and $60,000 worth—the largest order of the kind, it is believed, that was ever given in this or any other country. Something of the scale of splendor of the table service for this marvelous hotel may be imagined from such items of the bill as seven thousand spoons and forks, four hundred salvers for the dining-room attendants, four hundred double-dishes and warmers for meats, twelve hundred pitchers for water and milk, etc.—all to be of the richest Gorham electro-plate, or thick silver on a body of nickel, which the manufacturers themselves can not distinguish from their own solid silverware except by the private mark or by a chemical test. The total number of pieces ordered is thirteen thousand. Seven leading manufacturers of silver and plated goods, in this country and England, submitted proposals and samples. The contract was awarded to the *highest* bidder—the old "Gorham" silversmiths, of Providence, R. I.—because of the superiority of their styles and workmanship, their standing of half a century as "sterling" silversmiths, and their immense manufacturing resources, which will enable them to complete the order under their own roof within about ninety days.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SILVER.

At the great Exhibition in Paris in 1867, no class of works attracted, or deserved to attract, more attention than the splendid collection of enameled and repoussé Russian work in silver. The peculiar quality of the Russian work has long been known and admired in Europe, but it is only of late years that it has been gradually coming within the range of American observation. It is not, however, by any means, of modern development in Russia. Russian *tchachas*, or drinking-cups of silver, with designs in enamel set in various compartments, and edged with filagree, or with rich medallions, or with flowers delicately painted on a pure white ground, have long formed a valuable part of some of the best of the museums of Western Europe.

But when the full glory of the Russian silver broke on the assembled wanderers and wonderers of two hemispheres at Paris, in those proud days of the second Empire, which went so close, alas! before its dismal fall, there was a shout of amazement sent up, as if by a set of astronomers discovering a new planet in the familiar skies. Since that time every silver-worker in Russia has felt the beneficial influence of the impression then made.

Without claiming for Starr & Marcus, of John Street, in this city, the invention or the practice of any peculiar art or mystery of silver-working, analogous at all with those which have made the fortune of the "Nevskoi Prospect" and of the "Kremlin" since 1867, we have a right to claim for the work they have already done in the way of refining and revolutionizing the higher branches of the manufacture of silver in this country a similar recognition from Americans. It is no light thing to have shown all classes of our citizens, not the rich alone, but the well-to-do, and the "comfortable," that economy has no necessary connection, either with ugliness, or with the commonplace, and that a tasteful eye can guide its possessor to secure in a simple silver evening table-service, or in a set of daintily devised spoons, or in a quartette of silver salts, the very same spirit and presence of refined æsthetic beauty which gives to the most splendid paraphernalia of the millionaire their chief and most enduring charm.—[*Com.*]

LACE SHADES.

ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY.

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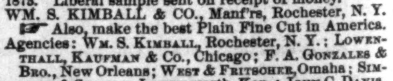

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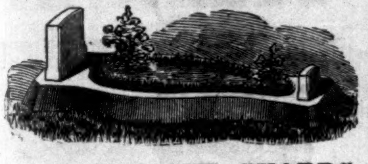

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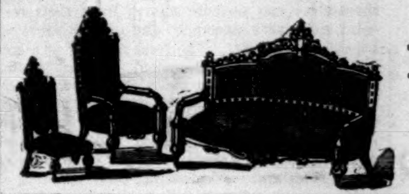

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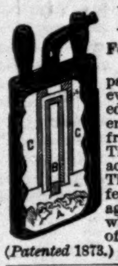

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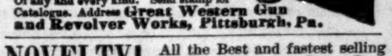

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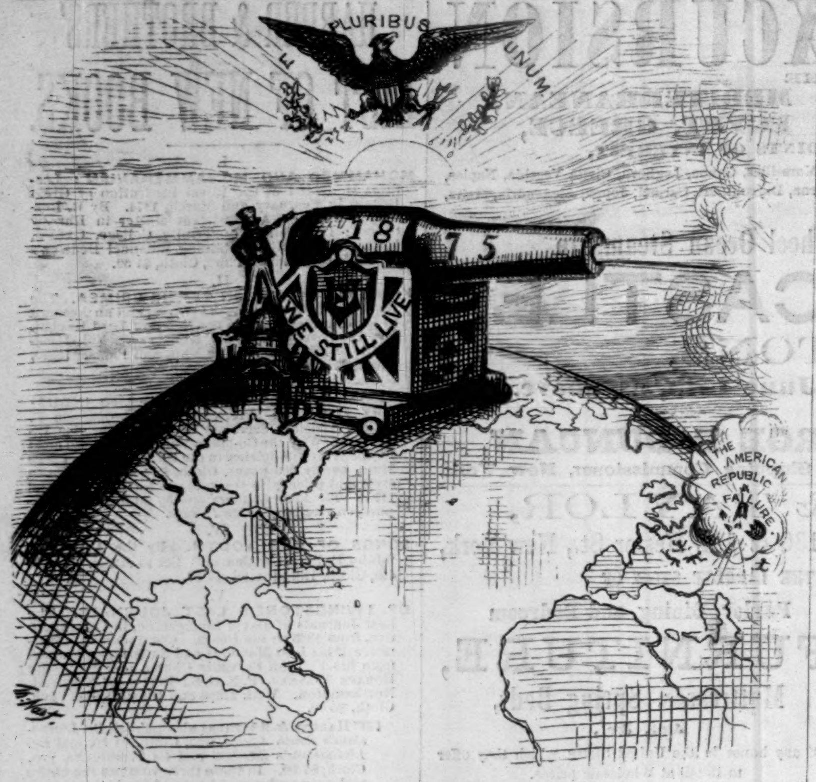

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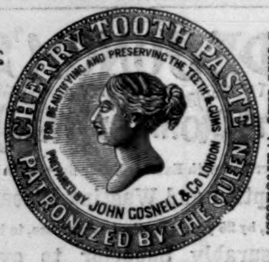

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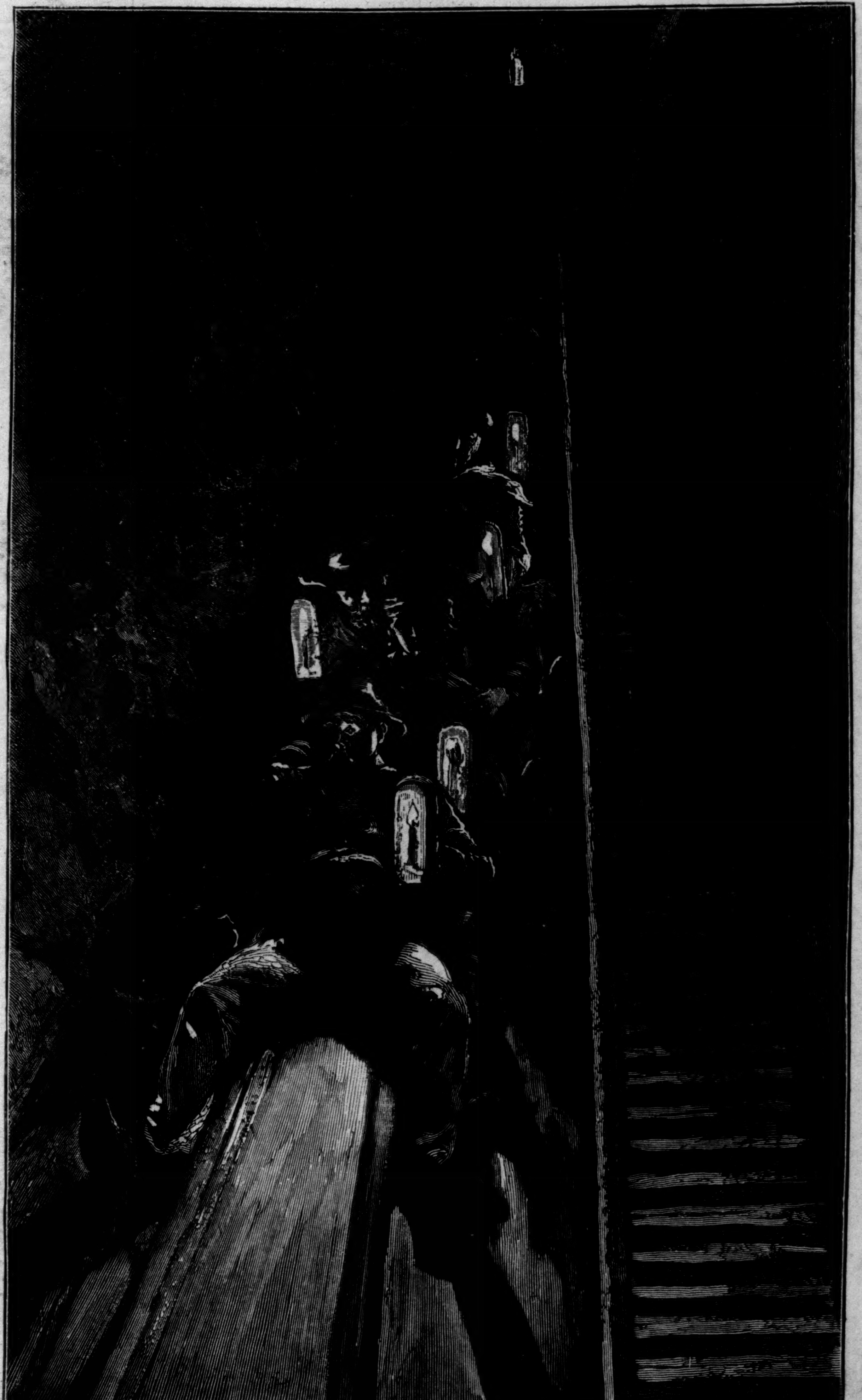
A BAVARIAN SALT-MINE.



THE WOODEN SLIDE.

THERE are few places in the world that can boast of more picturesque scenery than that which surrounds the little Bavarian village of Berchtesgaden, in the principality of the same name. The whole region is almost Alpine in its character, especially where the celebrated Königssee lies nested between lofty mountains. On an affluent of this beautiful lake stands the village of Berchtesgaden, a picturesque little place of about two thousand inhabitants. Its attractions, however, belong chiefly to its surroundings. On a rocky elevation on one side of the town stands the stately royal château, once a convent—the founders of such institutions, whether for men or women, having had an eye for the picturesque in their choice of sites. The summer hunting villa which has taken its place attracts many visitors during the season. The chief attraction, however, is the celebrated salt-mine which lies about a mile below the village. It is supposed to be a continuation of the great Hallein mine, near Salzburg, and has been worked actively since the close of the sixteenth century.

The illustrations given in connection with this article will give our readers a good idea of the character of the mine and of the incidents to be encountered in the journey through it. The first thing to be done is to dress, in a little building near the entrance, in coarse clothing provided for the purpose, lady visitors making their appearance in a sort of Bloomer costume, which is more convenient if not more becoming than the styles generally worn in fashionable society. Each visitor carries a lamp, which smokes villainously, and interferes seriously with the enjoyment of the trip. At first the guide leads the way through a long, narrow passage, in some places so low as to forbid walking upright. For a while the floor of this passage-way is smooth, and of gradual, easy ascent; then flights of steps are reached, still ascending; and at length, after a stretch of level walk, we come to a lake of some extent, lighted for visitors by rows of lamps, as represented in our illustration. A feeling of awe is inspired by the dark waters over which the rude boat in which we cross is pushed. For all that can be seen, they may be of bottomless depth, like the famous river of Kubla Khan, which

"ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

In reality there is no great depth of water there, but the imagination can play strange tricks, assisted by the gloom, the sense of mystery, and the vague feeling of oppression that almost always seize one when traveling for the first time underground, through winding passages scarcely wider than a grave, or low cavern-like spaces where the smoky lamp-light seems rather to make the "darkness visible" than dispel it. The roofs and sides of the galleries are dark. No glittering crystals reflect the lamp-light, and there is nothing to suggest the idea of a salt-mine—nothing like the splendor and sparkling magnificence of the crystal salt-mines, where the visitor might imagine himself to be in a diamond-sprinkled cavern of some gorgeous tale of Arabian imagination. Every thing is sombre, dark, and mysterious.

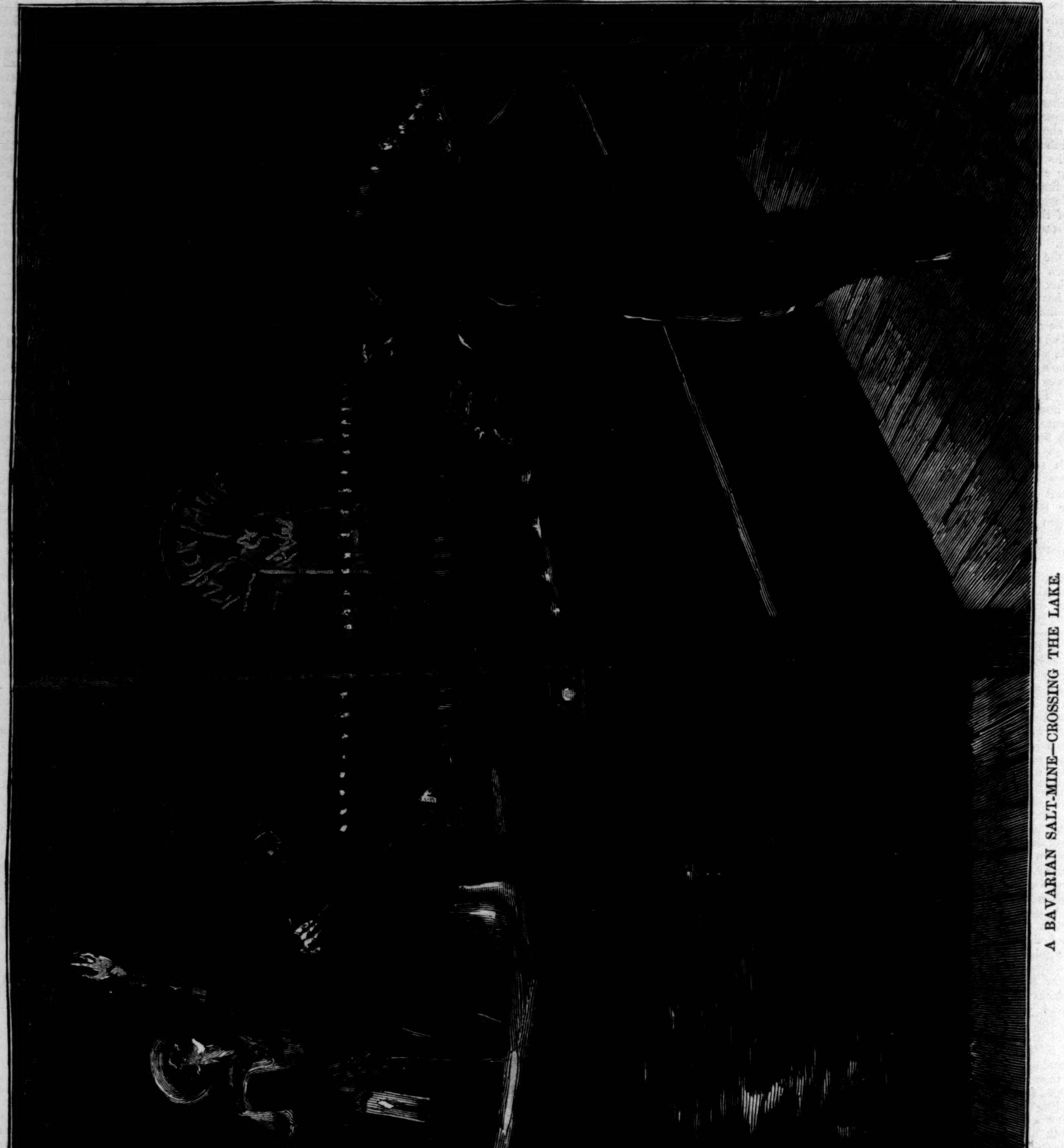
At length the lake is safely crossed, and soon afterward we come to a wooden slide, leading down into what appears to be a cavern of immeasurable depth. On one side is a stout rope for holding on by. Each visitor is furnished with a thick, heavy glove, to keep the hand from suffering by friction. Then the guide sits down on the slide and lets himself slowly down a foot or two; the visitors follow suit, ranging themselves behind him, all holding fast to the rope, the guide letting himself down little by little until all have taken their places. The word is then given, the grasp on the rope is loosened, and the train of men and women shoots down the steep incline into the darkness. A weird slide! Seen from below the effect is extremely picturesque. Nervous persons sometimes descend by the flight of steps on one side of the slide, but this is fatiguing, and most visitors prefer the quicker and more exciting method of reaching the lower level. The slide is as smooth as glass, and the inclination is about forty-five degrees. Another slide of the same kind must be descended before one reaches the main part of the mine, the great pit. This is filled with water, which, after being allowed to remain a certain time, to become fully saturated with salt, is drawn off by means of a system of tubes and pumps, to be evaporated in the immense salt-works outside the mine.

To get out of the mine the visitors are seated astride of wooden "horses" mounted on four-wheeled trucks running down a gently inclined tram-way, a sufficient number of trucks being fastened together to accommodate the party. Experienced miners act as brakemen to regulate the speed of the train and give timely notice of short curves, where it may be necessary to hold hard to keep from tumbling off. As soon as all are safely seated the train begins to move, slowly at first, but gradually gathering considerable velocity, until it shoots out into the open air. The tram-way ride is less exciting, but more comfortable, it must be confessed, than the slides.

According to an old legend prevalent among the Berchtesgaden peasantry, the salt springs owed their discovery in very early times to a romantic incident, the knowledge having been imparted to a disconsolate youth whose suit had been rejected by the maiden he loved. However this may have been, it is certain that the mine was known and worked in very ancient times. Owing to the scarcity of fuel about Berchtesgaden, most of the brine from the mine to which we have just made an imaginary visit is conveyed in pipes to Reichenhall, about eleven miles distant. By an ingenious system of pumps it is carried over mountains nearly two thousand feet high.

As we have already intimated, the Berchtesgaden mine does not possess the attractions which make a visit to crystal salt-mines interesting. By the side of the celebrated Wieliczka mines in Galicia it seems insignificant and mean. These mines, which have been worked since the commencement of the twelfth century, are entered by eleven shafts, with galleries at five different levels, reaching a depth of more than a thousand feet below the surface of the earth, and containing a labyrinth of passages and immense excavations extending to a total length of nearly three hundred miles. Some of the older chambers were more than a hundred and fifty feet in height. One of these is fitted up as a chapel, dedicated to ST. ANTHONY, in which the altar, statues, columns, pulpit, etc., are all hewn out of solid salt. In another part is a lake, six hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet deep, formed by the water which trickles through the strata. On occasions when the imperial family of Austria give the mines the honor of their presence, the principal passages and chambers are brilliantly illuminated, and gay festivals have often been held in the great hall of reception.

One of the most remarkable salt-mines in Europe is that of Cardona, in Catalonia, Spain. It is a hill three hundred and twenty-eight feet high, covering an area of three-quarters of a square mile, composed of nearly vertical beds of salt, gypsum, and clay, the salt constituting about four-fifths of the entire mass. The salt is of three varieties, the first and rarest occurring in



A BAVARIAN SALT-MINE—CROSSING THE LAKE.

crystalline masses, colorless and semi-transparent, sometimes splitting into cubes of eight inches on a side. The second variety is fine-grained, translucent, with delicate colors ranging from grayish-white to brownish-red. The third variety is impure and granular, mixed with clay and gypsum. The workings are in the open air, in the form of long steps about a yard in height and width, the masses being separated by means of blasting and the pick.

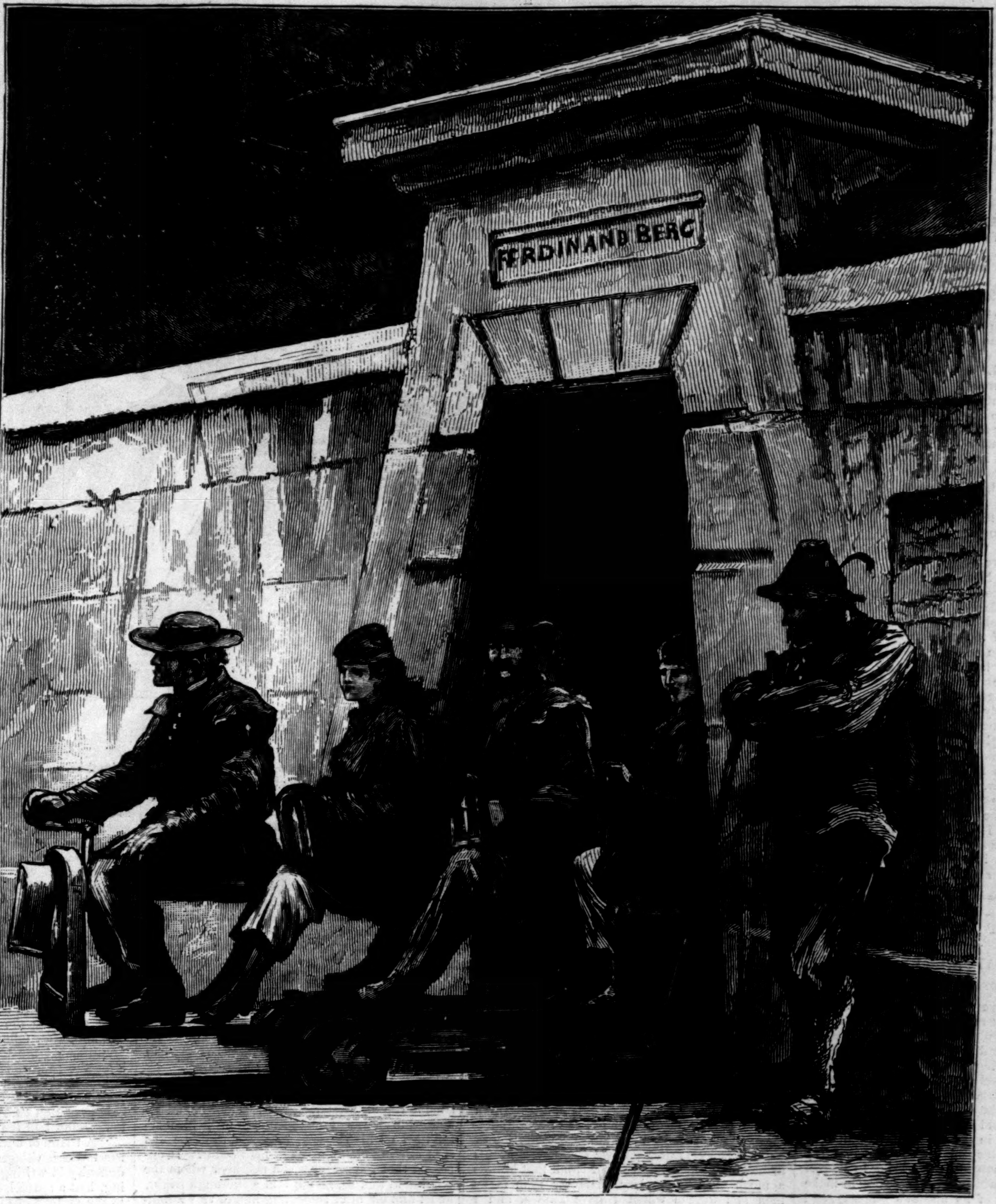
Salt lakes are found in many parts of the world. The most celebrated—the Dead Sea, in Palestine—although its waters contain a very large proportion of saline matter, affords only eight per cent. of pure salt. Lake Ooroomiah, in Persia, seventy miles long and thirty broad, contains so large a percentage of salt that in summer a belt of country three to four miles wide around some portions of it is incrusted with salt to the depth of a foot or more. The saline lake of Zagrez, in Africa, is in some seasons covered with a glittering white crust of salt, like ice, from one to two feet in thickness. Lakes of similar character are found in Abyssinia. In Central Africa the product of the salt lakes forms a very important article of commerce. Its scarcity in some portions of that country is severely felt. MUNGO PARK speaks of it as being regarded in those regions as the greatest luxury: children would eat it with avidity, as if it was sugar. There is a large salt-water lake in South Africa, the bottom of which is covered with a layer of very hard rock-salt. Around the margin it is quarried with picks, and during the prevalence of the dry southeast summer winds the surface is covered with a beautiful deposit of pure white salt, resembling flakes of snow. The most famous of the saline lakes of America is the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, seventy-five miles long and thirty wide, whose waters are nearly saturated, forming one of the purest and most concentrated brines in the world. It is so strong that it can not be swallowed without danger of strangulation, while the merest particle of it in the eye causes intense pain. The country around it is mostly desolate and barren. There are no fish in the waters, but a species of crustacean has been found in them; and immense quantities of gulls, wild-ducks, geese, and swans frequent its shores and islands.

Few countries are better supplied with salt than the United States; salt lakes, wells, and springs occur in almost every State and Territory. The principal springs are found in Western New York, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and in the States bordering on the Ohio. Those at Syracuse have been famous from the earliest settlement of the country by the whites. They were, of course, well known to the Indians; Father LALLEMANT is believed to have been the first man who visited them. LA MOYNE, a Jesuit, mentions them in 1653. A hundred years later the Indians manufactured salt for sale to the whites, and quantities were

carried from these springs as far as Quebec. The whites commenced operations at Syracuse in 1788, with rude machinery, little dreaming of the immense extent to which, by the aid of science and constantly improving mechanical appliances, the manufacture would be increased.

This is wandering a long way from the romantic regions of Berchtesgaden and the Königs-see; but one's thoughts in a salt-mine naturally revert to the general subject, and to the fact that salt, the only mineral substance universally required by man and the higher orders of the animal kingdom as an article of food, is so distributed as to be almost every where accessible. The Bible and other ancient books contain frequent allusions to salt. All sacrifices offered in the Jewish Temple were seasoned with it. It is mentioned as one of the things most necessary to life; it is used as a symbol of perpetuity and incorruption, and also of barrenness and sterility, as in sowing the site of a destroyed city with salt. The allusion in the New Testament to "salt that has lost its savor" refers to the impure article collected from the borders of salt lakes, like the Dead Sea, which might be merely earthy matter almost entirely free from salt, although resembling it in color and general appearance.

The proportionate consumption of salt in different countries is very variable. In the United States it is estimated at between fifty and sixty pounds a year for each person, in Great Britain at twenty-two, and in France at only fifteen. Besides its direct consumption as food, enormous quantities are employed in preserving meats and fish, and a very large amount is used in chemical operations, particularly in the manufacture of soda. It is also largely made use of in the process of "salt-glazing" common earthenware.



A BAVARIAN SALT-MINE—THE TRAM-WAY.

A PITCH LAKE.

THE Lake Brea, or Pitch Lake, one of the curiosities of the world, occupies an area of about 150 acres on the northwest side of the island of Trinidad, about thirty miles south of the capital, Port Spain. Though called a lake or lagoon, this deposit of pitch is for the most part quite solid, rent, however, by chasms varying from three to thirty feet in width, but of no great depth, so that they are traversed without difficulty. "As many of these channels were too wide for a safe leap," says the artist to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "and the heat from the sun on the surface being very great, most of our party divested themselves of all superfluous attire, and looked like so many lunatics as they went flying over the crevasses in their shirts."

The area of the lake is framed in by dense tropical vegetation. The pitch is more than seventy feet thick, and excavations made in it speedily return to their former level. The liquid part of the lake on the side adjoining the sea is about three acres in extent, and consists of fluid pitch of unknown depth in a state of slow ebullition. It has been attempted to apply the asphaltum from this lagoon to the same purposes as pitch and tar, but it is found to require so large an admixture of oil that it becomes too expensive. The adjoining village of Brea is built on pitch, which is said to extend eighteen miles out to sea.

CROSSING PITCH LAKE, ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.